

# The Sketch



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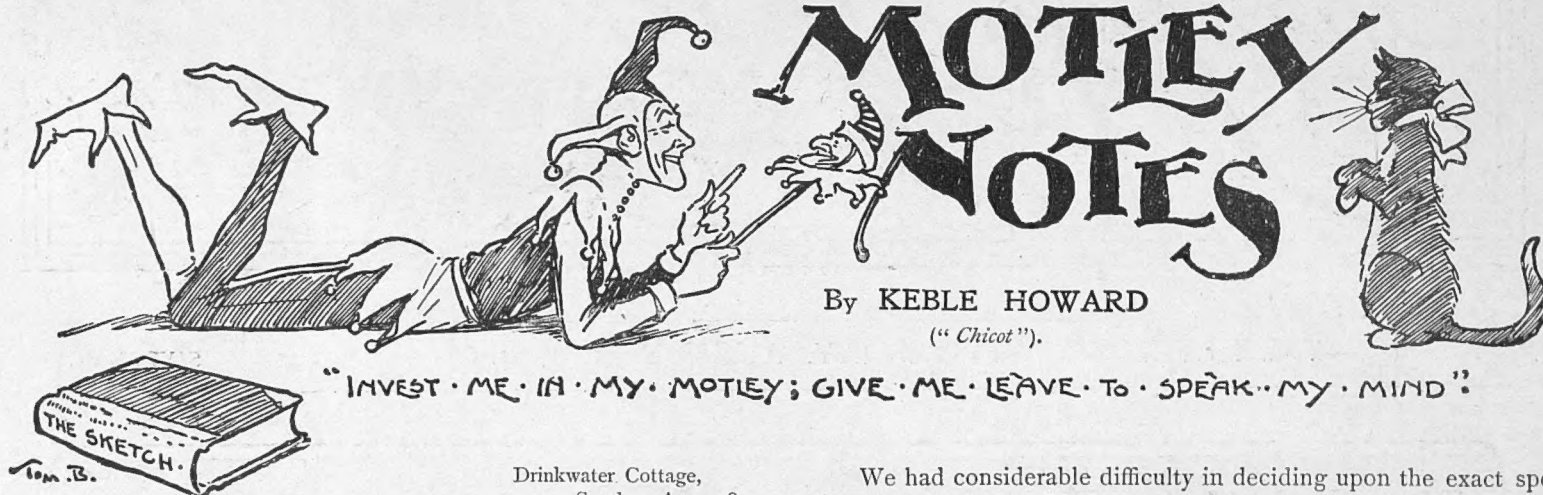
SIXPENCE.



THE END OF THE HOLIDAY: MR. LEWIS WALLER,  
WHO IS CONTINUING THE RUN OF "MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER" AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE TO-MORROW EVENING.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Bayfield, Wigmore Street, W.*





Drinkwater Cottage,  
Sunday, Aug. 28.

PEOPLE who dwell by a river, one imagines, can never be quite as other folk. They must gain something, even the least imaginative of them, from the gentle idleness of smooth-running water. For how should a man be churlish or rough of tongue who has grown accustomed, from his youth up, to watch the timid trout that lie, cool and snug, beneath the overhanging bank? Or how should a woman nag and scold who has learnt, in the days of maidenhood, to interpret the soft lap of the water-lilies at noon, the whisper of the rushes as they turn, shyly, at the approach of the evening breeze? No; the tale of the river—that tale that is always a-telling and will never be told—contains more morals than may ever be found in copy-books, more sermons than shall ever be heard in churches. And yet, for all its teaching, the tale of the stream is never dull. If you doubt me, just take a walk along the bank that runs beneath my window, and observe for yourself how that the children, almost unconsciously, are listening to the still, musical voice that murmurs, the day long, of meadow-histories, of bewildering happenings 'mid far-away hills. You will understand, then, how it befalls that the river-children are not as other children, nor their parents as the less glad grown-ups whose ears have never heard the crooning of clear water 'neath a star-blue sky.

The moon, let me gratefully acknowledge, has been particularly kind to us these last few nights. Encouraged by the smiles of that round, motherly face, we have launched our boat so late as midnight, and travelled lingeringly from lock to lock upon a world of full-flowing water that was all our own. Sometimes, one admits, there has been a mist, but who fears a mist when his supper is digesting gracefully, when his pipe is drawing sympathetically, and his knees, thoughtfully enough, are wrapped in a woollen rug? Not I, at any rate, and so I was free to muse in luxury upon the moonlit scene. Here, for example, we left a cluster of lowly cottages, every window, save one, grey-white in the tranquillity of sleep. There, again, the wide-stretching fields, dotted darkly with munching cattle. An avenue of overhanging trees, and then, drifting noiselessly, we passed the mysterious walls of the convent, severe as to their lines, yet relieved, now and again, by masses of caressing ivy. The moon, one thought, should always look thus softly on the convent; the white, soft light reminded one, inevitably, of the pale, placid women that dwelt within those mellowed walls.

The sun, too, has been behaving himself in exemplary fashion. Thus it happened that, at breakfast one morning, my hostess suddenly startled her good man and myself by asking: "Shall we take our luncheon up the river?"

"No," said my host, helping himself greedily to marmalade.

"Yes!" I exclaimed, casting a rapturous glance heavenwards.

"Don't think me rude," my host retorted, "but I wish you wouldn't pretend to be so beastly sentimental."

His wife looked shocked. "Albert," she reproved, "that is hardly the way to address one's guest."

"Guest be jiggered!" said Albert, vulgarly. "It's all put on. Isn't it?" he added, appealing to me.

I shrugged my shoulders, after the manner of one who had no wish to interfere between husband and wife.

"There!" cried my hostess. "Now I hope you'll admit, Albert, that I was quite right to suggest taking our lunch up the river." And she bustled away to pack a basket.

My host looked puzzled. "I can't follow it," he confessed.

"Can't follow what?"

"Why, the argument. Can you?"

I smiled queerly, emulating one of Seton Merriman's heroes.

We had considerable difficulty in deciding upon the exact spot for mooring the boat. My hostess, you see, expressed a desire for shade; Albert, on the other hand, insisted that he must get decently sunburnt before returning to town. In the end, we managed to arrange matters so that my host sat in the sun and his wife in the shade. Then we proceeded to lay out the luncheon. It was amusing, I own, to watch Albert as he struggled with a tongue. First he balanced the plate on his knees. Next he placed it in the bottom of the boat and tried to carve kneeling. Last of all, he rested the thing on a seat, and threaded the hand that held the carving-knife under his left leg. My hostess, in the meantime, was mixing a salad, whilst I, of my nobility, struck at wasps with a pickle-fork. Just as everything was in readiness, my host leapt to his feet with a yell.

"My dear boy," exclaimed his patient wife, "what on earth's the matter?"

"Matter enough!" cried Albert, tucking the ends of his trousers into his socks. "I found an enormous wasp crawling up my leg."

"Don't be ridiculous," observed his wife. "You know perfectly well they're all the same size."

"Perhaps it was one of those I wounded," I murmured.

"Fool!" growled my host. And he found himself a seat on the bank.

Luncheon over, my hostess took up a fashion-paper, Albert fished, and I read "The Last Hope," by Seton Merriman. The afternoon was idyllic; we were all indulging in favourite hobbies; the wasps had settled down to a pear, the outside of the tongue, and an empty beer-bottle. And yet, oddly enough, none of us seemed entirely happy. My hostess exclaimed more than once that the fashions were hideously ugly or absurdly expensive. Albert caught his hook in the branch of a tree, condemned everything, and broke his line. The present writer—to employ an awkward but useful expression—found, in this last novel of Mr. Merriman's, too much history and too many trite aphorisms. 'Tis a graceless thing, maybe, to carp at a writer who has given the novel-reading public so much pleasure in the past, and whose pen has now been laid aside for ever. Sentiment is one thing, however, and honesty is another; I cannot bring myself to write enthusiastically of a novel that has afforded me but scant satisfaction in the reading. How very differently one would have spoken had the whole book been written in the same vein as the first two chapters! Take, for example, this beautiful passage: "He looked slowly from end to end of the ill-kept burial-ground, crowded with the bones of the nameless and insignificant dead, who, after a life passed in the daily struggle to wrest a sufficiency of food from a barren soil, or the greater struggle to hold their own against a greedy sea, had faded from the memory of the living, leaving naught behind them but a little mound where the butcher put his sheep to graze." Then turn to the middle of the book, where you will find such commonplaces as the following: "So passes the glory of the world. It is not a good thing to be born in a palace, nor to live in one."

I stopped there, closed the volume, and laid it aside with a slight sigh.

"What's wrong now?" asked Albert. "Another attack of indigestion?"

I shook my head. "Merely a disappointment," I explained.

My hostess looked up quickly. "A love affair?" she said, softly.

"Partly."

"Go on with you," sneered my host. "You're not in love."

"I was speaking of Merriman's book," I replied, coldly.

Albert wrinkled his forehead. "Merriman," he muttered, thoughtfully.

"I've read something by that chap. Didn't he write 'Dr. Nikola'?"

"No, dear," his wife corrected. "That was by Guy Boothby."

And so they came, by easy stages, to Miss Corelli.

It is a temptation, but I shall not re-quote the aphorism.



"THE CHEVALEER," MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S NEW PLAY  
AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.







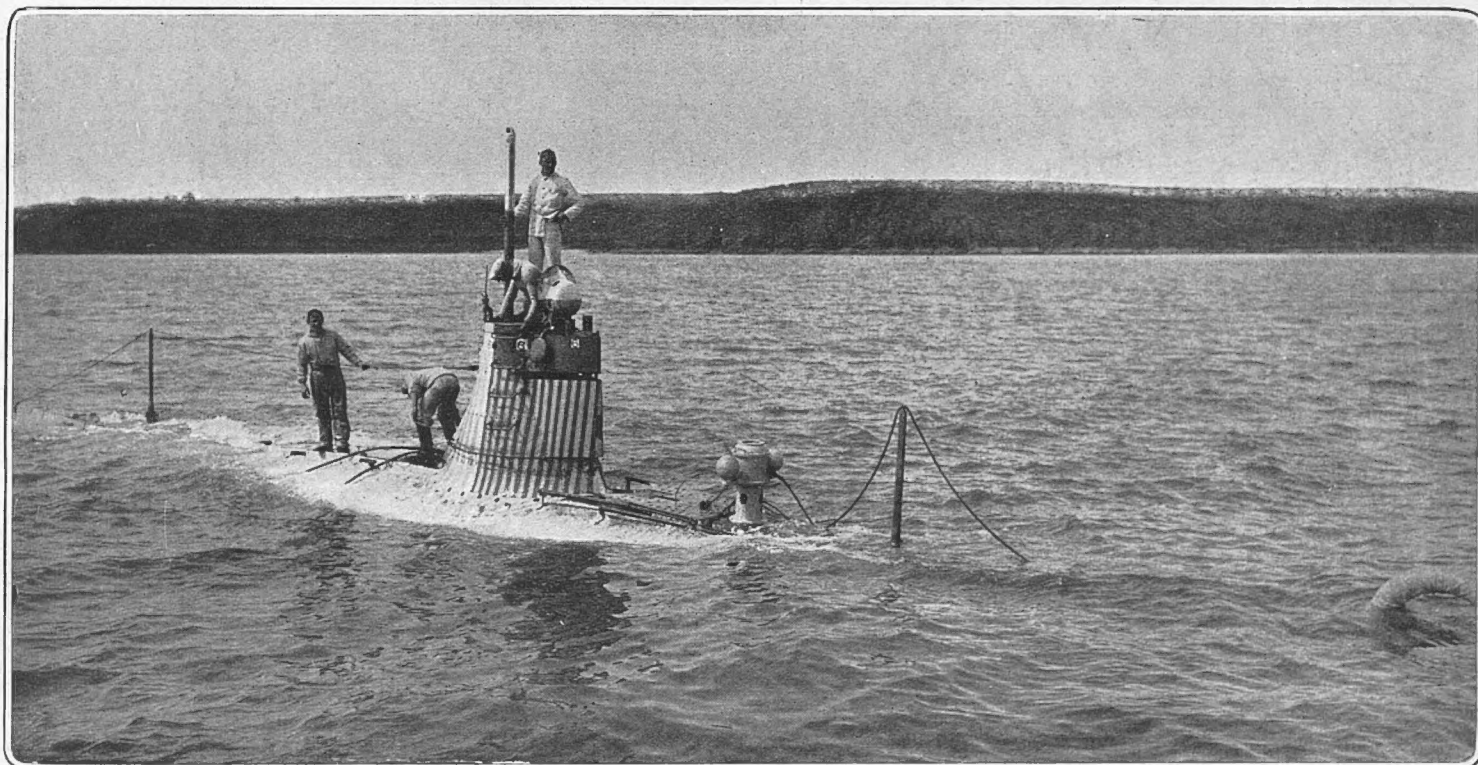
*The Essex Manœuvres—Fanatics at Lassa—The Whisky-and-Soda at Fashoda.*

IT will be interesting to see whether, in the manœuvres which are to take place early next month, our Navy and our Army can work together as perfectly as the Japanese sister forces have done. Every soldier or sailor who read the account of the Japanese landing at Chemulpo was struck by the wonderful ease and certainty with which it was accomplished—the little piers which ran out as if by magic from the shore to meet the boats carrying the troops, the noiseless landing, the march at once to the spots selected as bivouacs, and, before the short night had passed, the disappearance of the silent army which had come from the sea, sent on by train to some unknown destination up country. With the knowledge of what those wonderful islanders in the Far East have accomplished with their

the mounted troops are not permitted to gallop past horses or cattle that may be grazing in the fields.

There is, of course, obvious humour in this. A cavalry commander ordered to charge to save the guns might very well point out that this was impossible because a cow was grazing in a meadow over which his squadrons must gallop, and the whole development of an infantry attack might be stopped by a clump of trees with a dozen pheasants in the undergrowth. The pity of it all is that such regulations are a necessity if troops are to be permitted to move over the land, and that, with such regulations in force, it is impossible to exercise the troops under active-service conditions and so teach them useful lessons.

A herculean Tibetan with matted hair and a shirt of mail under his outer garments is as ugly a customer to disable, except by shooting him, as could be found anywhere in the world, and the Lama who attacked the two doctors of the Lassa expeditionary force with a sword which he had concealed under his robes seems to have been the equal of two medical men and two sentries, while a body of Pioneers with picks and shovels barely got the better of him. He has been hanged as a discouragement to others of his church militant. In Kabul when the British troops occupied the city such fanatical onslaughts were frequent, and the only way to put an end to assassinations was an order posted in the bazaars that no native of the country was to approach a European closer than a certain fixed distance. If an Afghan came so close to a British officer that he could cut at him with a sword the



The Exhaust Valve.

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE NAVY: THE SUBMARINE "A 6," SHOWING THE EXHAUST VALVE BY WHICH ALL GASES ESCAPE.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

British-taught Navy, our own sailors will be much on their mettle to show they have not been outdone by their pupils, and, as the days of Staff Officers who thought that the most important of their duties were to gallop and shout have passed in the British Army, we may expect to see this new experiment in combined manœuvres a successful as well as an interesting one.

It is in the fighting about Redhill that the Commanders of the land forces will find their difficulties come most thickly upon them, not so much from their enemies of the Blue invading force as from their friends the landowners over whose ground they have to fight. It is one of the great hindrances to any attempt to make mimic warfare in England resemble the reality in any respect that all the ground over which an enemy would attempt to pass in striking at the capital after landing at any convenient spot on the coast is highly cultivated land. In real warfare, the defending army would loophole all the farm-houses and buildings which came into any line of defence, would cut down trees to make spiked obstructions, would commandeer provisions, and would march over crops without giving the matter a thought.

In the mimic warfare, if troops move through a line of gates the officer commanding is held responsible that they are shut after his men have passed; half the fields in the area to be manœuvred over are out of bounds, and in half the rest the men have to walk in the "drills," so as not to damage turnips or other seeds. No firing is to take place near hayricks, and horses are not to be allowed to nibble at them; troops must not go within fifty yards of sheep-pens or fire within a hundred yards of them; no game is to be disturbed, and

Afghan was liable to be shot down without any parley. Any Afghan who attempted to murder a British officer was hanged wrapped in a pig-skin, which latter part of the punishment was a greater deterrent to a Mohammedan fanatic than the dread of death.

Colonel Marchand seems to have been amused by General Kitchener's offer of a whisky-and-soda directly the first official interview between them at Fashoda was over; but he could not resist telling his interviewer that he was able to offer the General champagne at a subsequent period. There was, I remember, an interchange of courtesies between the officers of the two parties, and what gave the Frenchmen the most pleasure was the great roll of newspapers which the officers of the Egyptian force got together and sent into the French fort. The fresh vegetables which Colonel Marchand and his officers sent back dug from the garden they had laid out were as refreshing to the corporeal needs of the Sirdar's army, which had not seen fresh green food for months, as the papers were to the Frenchmen's minds.

Since the establishment of the *Entente Cordiale*, Fashoda and its possibilities as a *casus belli* have receded into the limbo of ancient history, but the men who took part in the expedition up the Nile told me at the time that Marchand "played the game" quite squarely and fairly, but that it was not the fault of some of his subordinates that there was not a fight. When the commander of the little French party had gone down the river to Khartoum to communicate with his Government, his second in command did not comply strictly with the agreement to leave matters *in statu quo*, and there might very well have been an encounter, which, however, happily was avoided.



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## THE HOSTESS SOLILOQUISES.

(According to a contemporary, a London hostess expects to have her house treated as a restaurant, and rarely knows most of her guests by sight.)

The Season's over; the *élite*  
Have bidden town farewell.  
Closed is my house in Curzon Street,  
Or rather, my hotel,  
Where morning, afternoon, or night,  
To dance or dinner came  
Guests whom I scarcely knew by sight,  
And never knew by name.

They knew that lunch was served at one,  
That dinner-time was eight,  
That Jules yields pride of place to none  
(His *entremets* are great),  
That to my *soirées* I should bring  
The latest prodigy:  
They knew, I fancy, everything,  
Always excepting me.

To call one's home one's own would be  
Distinctly underbred.  
The London hostess keeps, you see,  
A restaurant instead,  
Where all the best musicians play  
To quite the smartest crowd;  
Where there is ne'er a bill to pay,  
And tips are not allowed.—J. DOUGLAS HOARE.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS SEPTEMBER 3.

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AND IN

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

**A**FTER an exceptionally pleasant sojourn on the Continent, the King's return home will be hailed with the greatest satisfaction by all his faithful subjects, who have learnt to have a boundless faith in the Sovereign's power of pouring oil on troubled waters both at home and abroad. The fact that Edward VII. was chosen by the Czar to be the godfather of his beloved son and heir is a significant sign of how highly our Monarch is regarded

at the Russian Court, and, indeed, it is fitting that Queen Victoria's latest great-grandson should have as sponsor her own successor. The King will spend the first few days of September at Rufford Abbey, where he will be magnificently entertained by Lord and Lady Savile; later on, His Majesty will go to Scotland, where he will be visited by various members of the Royal Family, and himself be entertained by Lord and Lady Burton at Glen Quoich.

*Royalty on Deeside.* Aberdeenshire is already, in a social sense, the hub of the British universe. The Prince of Wales is now at Abergeldie, where he will be joined by the Princess in a day or two; and the Duke and Duchess of Fife have been entertaining the Queen at Mar Lodge. Lord and Lady Normanton are at Braemar Castle, and Mr. and Mrs. Neumann have now quite taken their place among the *habitués* of Deeside, for they rent Invercauld from Mr. Farquharson. The Braemar Gathering—in other words, the meeting of the Royal Highland Society—has been fixed to take place on Sept. 15 at Clunie, which belongs to Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld, who will himself be present to welcome the King to the ground.

*The King's Brother-in-Law.* Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein is, in this country, the best known of all the King's brothers-in-law. He is a fine figure of a man, looking every inch a soldier, and he is in great request for charity dinners and the laying of foundation-stones, going through such ceremonies with unfailing affability and geniality. His marriage to Princess Helena, our Sovereign's third sister, took place at Windsor nearly forty years ago, and he has become entirely British in his tastes and sympathies. He sent his elder son, Prince Christian Victor—the gallant soldier whose grave in Pretoria Princess Christian and Princess Victoria are now on their way to visit—to Wellington, and his younger son, Prince Albert, to Charterhouse. Prince Christian is a practical farmer, and has more than once served as President of the Royal Agricultural Society. Moreover, he is a General in the British Army, Ranger of Windsor Great Park, High Steward of Windsor, and a Bencher of the Inner Temple. Princess Victoria is known as the sympathetic helper in all her mother's philanthropic schemes and as the favourite grand-daughter of our late Queen.

*The King's Proxy.* Surprise has been expressed in some quarters that the King should not have chosen someone of higher rank than Prince Louis of Battenberg to represent him at the baptism of the Czarevitch. But it is forgotten that Prince Louis is not only a great favourite at St. Petersburg, but that he is married to the King's niece and is the Czarina's brother-in-law. He married the Princess Victoria of Hesse, the eldest sister of the Czarina, and the other two sisters are married to the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, the Czar's uncle, and to Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother. So that there is no one else who could so appropriately represent the King on this occasion.

*A New Appointment.* Sir Henry Stephenson, the new Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, will have received many very hearty congratulations on his appointment, for there are few men in the Court world so popular and so respected. Before becoming a carpet knight, Sir Henry had done a good deal of hard fighting; he

was in the Crimea and in the great China Expedition of 1857, and he also managed to see something of the Indian Mutiny. He was nephew to that wonderful veteran sea-dog, the late Sir Harry Keppel, and the King and Queen seem to have transferred to him the affection and favour with which they so long regarded the nonagenarian Admiral. Sir Henry's connection with the Court is of long standing, for he was fifteen years Equerry to the King when the latter was still Prince of Wales. The new Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was till recently regarded as a most confirmed bachelor, but little less than a year ago he married his cousin's widow, Mrs. William Keppel, and their wedding was one of the smartest of early winter functions.

### *A Grand-Ducal Engagement.*

Now that the Grand Duke Michael is no longer Czarevitch of All the Russias, it is unlikely that any obstacle will be placed in the way of his marrying a Princess of Montenegro, one of the younger sisters of the Queen of Italy. It will be remembered that at one time the Czar was very much in love with the Princess of Montenegro who is now the Queen of Italy, but the Dowager Czarina objected to the match, and so it had to be abandoned, and a few years later the Czar married the Princess Alix of Hesse. The Princesses of Montenegro are well known in St. Petersburg, as they all finished their education there, and were introduced to the world at the Imperial Court. As the Princesses are very handsome, it is not surprising that they were much admired by the Russian Princes; and as it is quite the fashion nowadays to marry a daughter of the Prince of the little Principality, the Grand Duke Michael will no doubt be permitted to wed the lady of his choice.



H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN AND HIS DAUGHTERS, PRINCESSES VICTORIA AND LOUISE, AT CUMBERLAND LODGE.

Photograph by E. Brooks.



*An Energetic  
Great Lady.*

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who has secured the contract for supplying all the wrought-iron lamps which will illuminate the Pyx Chapel at Westminster, is as energetic and clever as is her elder sister, the Countess of Warwick. Like the latter, she is extremely desirous of bringing the country-folk of England back to their native villages, and at North Newington, near Broughton Castle, she has started what promises to be a very famous art industry. Some of Lady Algernon's most profitable customers are American: thus, the gifted creator of the "Gibson girl"—that is, Mr. Charles Dana Gibson—ordered all the woodwork and ironwork used in his new house from this little English village, and the work was executed under Lady Algernon's close superintendence. The mistress of Broughton Castle is a sister-in-law of the present Duke of Richmond; she and Lord Algernon have but one child, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, who will probably be one of next season's *débutantes*, and who is thought to resemble her aunt, the Duchess of Sutherland.

The rumours of a forthcoming marriage between Prince Napoleon Bonaparte and Princess Clementine of Belgium have not been confirmed. Of interest to Americans, and also to a considerable section of English Society, is the betrothal of Mr. Bradley Martin and Miss Helen Phipps, the daughter of the great millionaire who is Lord Lovat's tenant at Beaufort Castle. Lord Chelmsford's younger son, Mr. Eric Thesiger, is engaged to Miss Pearl Copeland, quite a new-century girl beauty. A diplomatic engagement is that of Mr. Charles Wingfield, a promising diplomatist, to the eldest daughter of the late Sir Edmund Fane, who was the most popular of British Ministers at Copenhagen.

August can claim to have been a record month, from the point of view of the new-born baby. Of course, the list is headed by the Czarevitch, most longed-for and welcome of Imperial infants. Lady Dudley's little daughter was born in the Viceregal purple at Dublin Castle, and it is to be hoped that she will be as pretty when she grows up as fair Erin's daughters are proverbially said to be. Lady Ribblesdale and Mrs. Asquith welcome another half-sister, Sir Charles Tennant becoming the father of his fourth daughter, by his second marriage, at the age of eighty. Then, last, but by no means least, thousands of novel-readers all over the English-speaking world will have heard with interest that Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins is now the proud father of a little girl, who should surely be christened "Dolly."

*The Dogs of War.* It appears that the Russian Government has bought three collies in Scotland and has sent the animals out to Manchuria to aid in succouring the wounded. Their trainer is Gospodin Liadof, who is perfectly satisfied with them. He declares that the animals can quite well distinguish by scent between Russians and Japanese, and that the collies will only attend to the Russian wounded. It is a curious thing that these dogs, which were

bred in Scotland and are in the service of Russia, are always spoken of in German, a language which they appear to understand thoroughly. In every war a large number of the wounded are perforce left to die of their injuries because they have fallen in out-of-the-way places where they cannot be found. These collies are trained to hunt them out and bring the stretcher-bearers to their assistance, and the clever animals are said to perform this duty with the greatest precision.

*Travelling  
Imperially.*

Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia must, if report speaks true, be a firm believer in travelling imperially. Appointed by his brother-in-law, the Kaiser, to witness the operations of the Russian forces in Manchuria, he arrived in Moscow with some five hundred packing-cases and

trunks of goodly size containing his personal luggage, which is said to have included patent field-bedding sufficient to sleep the officers of an entire regiment. What railway company, other than that of the officials controlling the Trans-Siberian line, would not welcome a visit from the Prince? Offers of directorships, conditional upon his making at least one journey per annum on the favoured system, should pour in upon him in these dividendless days of depression.

That long-suffering maker of men, the tailor, not content with denouncing the painter, has turned his attention to the "literary person," and, with pen dipped in diluted gall, laments the scant courtesy meted out to the representatives of the profession of which Adam and Eve were the first exponents. "Dressmakers get a good write-up on almost every page of the popular novels," he complains, "but the tailor is cut down to about six lines in the whole book." He forgets or ignores the uniformity of apparel favoured by men nowadays, but he may be consoled by the thought that wider publicity is in store for him. An African member of his craft has invented a coat that should be dubbed the "Fregoli" and should be vigorously banned by the wavering politician undesirous of courting caricature. This

glorious garment can be transformed at will into a frock, a morning, or an evening-dress coat, by means of false tails and an elaborate system of laces. The sensational novelist will assuredly adopt it for his chameleon-villains. Its possibilities are immense, and the practised brain of the writer will doubtless prove equal to the provision of an appropriate change of trousers and tie, items which the patentee, in his exuberance, seems to have overlooked.

*A New "Sousa."* The Sousa craze seems likely to be recalled by the coming of Mr. Duss, who is visiting this country with the avowed intention of elevating—the word has a good American ring—the musical taste of the English people. To this end, he brings with him the brass band which it is his hobby to conduct. Mr. Duss, who is a millionaire, is described as clean-shaven, ascetic, and favouring the long hair without which few musicians, whether they be from "Blue Hungary" or elsewhere, seem complete.



H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN. PORTRAIT TAKEN PRIOR TO HER DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA TO VISIT HER SON'S GRAVE.

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.



*Two Pretty Cousins.* The venerable Lord Abergavenny, who next month will celebrate his seventy-eighth birthday, has several lovely grand-daughters, although his eldest son and heir, the Earl of Lewes, is unmarried. The second son, Lord Henry Nevill, has been twice married, and of his two daughters, the eldest



MISS MARJORIE NEVILL.



MISS MARGUERITE HELEN NEVILL.

GRAND-DAUGHTERS OF THE MARQUIS OF ABERGAVENNY.

*Photographs by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.*

is now Lady Camden, while the youngest, Miss Marguerite Helen Nevill, will be one of next year's débutantes. She is a year younger than her cousin, Miss Marjorie Nevill, Lord George's only daughter. These two young ladies are very popular in the neighbourhood of Eridge Castle, where several great festivities are expected to take place next spring when they make their début.

*Two Beautiful Sisters.*

Mrs. Gladstone and her sister, Miss Hylda Snow Paget, make a charming pair. They are the daughters of that fine old country gentleman, Sir Richard Horner Paget, whose old-world courtesy and distinction of manner will long be remembered in the House of Commons, where he sat for thirty years. But Cupid knows no politics, and the son of the great Liberal statesman wooed and won the daughter of the Tory county member, and the congregation at the wedding resembled a full sitting of the House. Miss Hylda Paget is the devoted aunt of a number of little nephews and nieces, her brother having married Lady Muriel Finch-Hatton, and her eldest sister being the wife of Captain Percy Bruce, grandson of Sir Henry Hervey Bruce, of Downhill, Coleraine.

*Primate, Pope, and Pressmen.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury so far fears the wiles of the American interviewer that he is stated to have provided himself with a guard of clergy whose business it is to circumvent the ingenious Pressman by supporting his Grace's decision that he will not be questioned by journalists while on his American tour. Thus does the head of the English Church adopt the attitude militant. The report that all accounts of the visit published on the other side are to be collected and preserved indicates, however, that he has a sense of humour: the resulting album or albums should provide him with endless amusement in the future. The Pope, on the other hand, is not only conciliatory, but encouraging. Pius X. recently received a Roman Catholic journalist in audience, blessed his pen—which was, as it should be, in his hand—and gave it back with a neat compliment to the "exalted mission" of its owner and the "symbol of his profession." How the "live" American newspaper-man must lament the Papal seclusion, and with what contempt will he regard the methods of Dr. Randall Davidson!

*A Young Playwright.*

Mr. Reginald Kennedy-Cox, who is believed by his friends to be the coming playwright, certainly has the advantage of youth. It is not so very long ago since he was drinking more or less deeply of the Pierian Spring at Malvern, ever memorable as the school of the brothers Foster, and still more recently he was "cutting" lectures at Oxford. In appearance he is the typically handsome, athletic, well-bred, modest young Englishman of two-and-twenty. He was "stage-struck" even while at school, and got it very badly—indeed, he is not yet convalescent. At the age of seventeen he wrote "The Chetwynd Affair," soon to be put on at the Royalty, and while at Oxford—where he was, of course, a member of the "O.U.D.S."—he wrote a four-act comedy which Miss Beryl Faber has accepted. Mr. Kennedy-Cox believes that a practical knowledge of stage technicalities is essential for a dramatist. He himself always spent his summer vacations as a professional actor, being content merely to "walk on" if he could get nothing better.

*The Author of "Nero."*

Probably a very small percentage of those who are eagerly awaiting the production of "Nero" by Mr. Beerbohm Tree are aware that its author, the poet-playwright, Stephen Phillips, gained his first knowledge of stagecraft on the "boards." Yet so it is. His first experience was with his cousin, Mr. F. R. Benson (who has supplied the London theatres with so many "young men," to say nothing of several charming ladies) in various Shaksperian parts. His greatest success was as the Ghost in the play that the old lady did not like because it was so full of quotations, an impersonation which gained him a special call before the curtain, of which he is justifiably proud.

*Empty London.*

In August London is always more or less empty, but this year it is more deserted than usual. Generally the absence of Londoners is made up by the presence of strangers from abroad and by visitors from the country, but this year there seem to be comparatively few among us. Probably those who used to visit us at this time of the year have learned that it is the worst possible season for a trip to London if they wish to see the capital as it really is. Now that travelling is so cheap and the number of hotels so greatly multiplied, even country-folk have discovered that it is just as easy to come up when London is full and the streets are not in the hands of the navvies, and so we may expect that only those who take advantage of the very cheapest trips will come here in August. And as most of the theatres are shut in the dull season, one of the chief attractions of a week in town is non-existent at this period of the year.



MISS HYLDA PAGET.



MRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

DAUGHTERS OF SIR RICHARD HORNER PAGET.

*Photographs by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.*



### St. Petersburg and Copenhagen.

Russia and Denmark seem naturally to go together, for dynastic reasons, and the British representatives in their capitals are, curiously enough, both Knights and both brothers of Viscounts. Sir Charles Hardinge, British Ambassador in St. Petersburg, is only forty-six, but he has had a varied career in different capitals, and was employed last year as Assistant Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. He has already done remarkably well in his present difficult post. He is a cousin of Sir Arthur Hardinge, British Minister in Teheran. Lady Hardinge, a daughter of the late Lord Alington, is honoured by the friendship of Queen Alexandra, to whom she was Bedchamber Woman. Sir William Edward Goschen, who is thought likely to succeed Sir Francis Bertie in Rome, has been Minister to Denmark for only four years, but the Copenhagen Legation is traditionally a jumping-board for promotion. Sir William learnt much when he accompanied his brother, the present Lord Goschen, on the Special Embassy to Constantinople, in 1880-1, which was successful in bringing the Sultan to reason. He went through the regular diplomatic mill, becoming Minister at Belgrade before his appointment to Copenhagen. He is fifty-seven. Lady Goschen is a daughter of the late Mr. Darius Clarke.

### Washington and Constantinople.

The United States and Turkey may be associated by way of contrast. Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador in Washington, is a man after Mr. Roosevelt's own heart—a mighty hunter of big game, and

a real strong man, mentally and physically. He is only fifty-four. Afghanistan was where he made his mark, by negotiating the famous Durand Agreement, and few men know more about the tangled skein of Asian politics. Lady Durand is a daughter of Mr. Teignmouth Sandys, of the Bengal Civil Service. Sir Nicholas O'Connor, our Ambassador in Constantinople, is one of the few Roman Catholics in the high places of diplomacy. He married Miss Minna Hope, niece of the Duke of Norfolk, and they entertain magnificently on the Golden Horn. Sir Nicholas has done some hard work in his sixty-one years of existence, having been Minister to China and Ambassador to Russia.

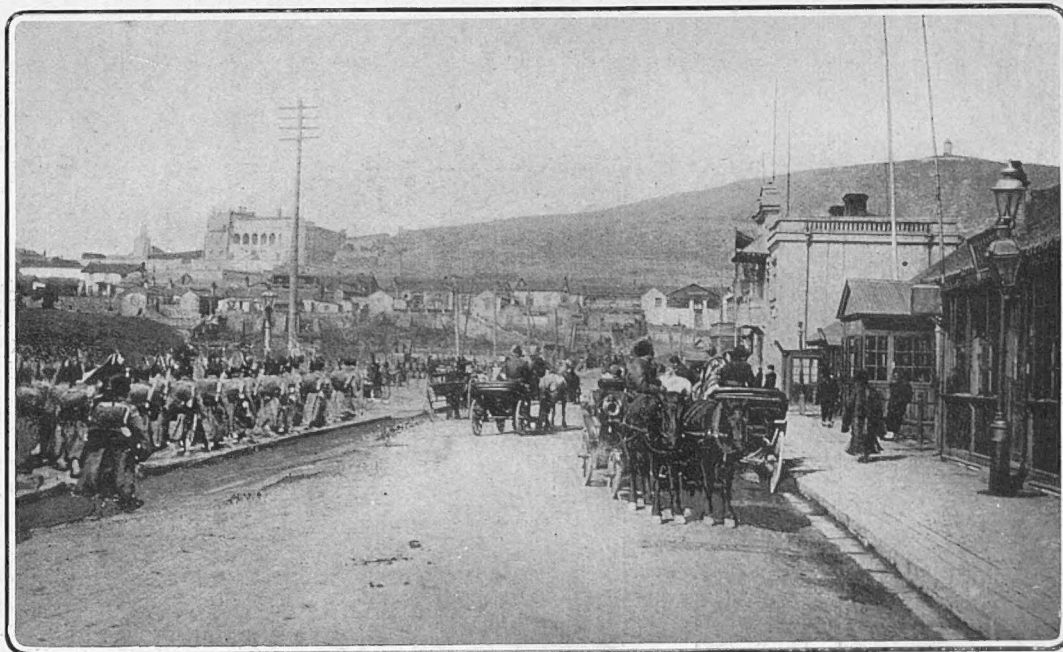
### Our New Ambassador to France.

Sir Francis Bertie, Sir Edmund Monson's successor at the historic Embassy in the Faubourg St. Honoré, has an intense horror of being photographed. Although he has had a very long connection with the Foreign Office, he attained Ambassadorial rank with the usual preliminaries, and he has now been appointed to what is perhaps the most difficult of high diplomatic posts.

Lady Bertie is going back to the home of her childhood, for she was a daughter of the clever and shrewd Lord Cowley, who was so long the representative of the Court of St. James's at that of the Tuileries, and who is said to have on more than one occasion averted war between France and England. Lady Feo was one of Queen Alexandra's bridesmaids; she has been very popular in Roman Society, and will be warmly welcomed by many of her parents' old friends when she succeeds Lady Monson as mistress of the beautiful house which once belonged to the great Napoleon's favourite sister.

### King's Victor's Motor-Car.

King Victor Emmanuel is staying at the Castle of Racconigi with the Queen, and spends his time in driving his motor-car and shooting. As the King is somewhat impetuous as a driver, the doctors will not allow Queen Helena to go with him, for fear of accident, and, as a consequence, the King drives faster than ever. A fortnight ago King Victor Emmanuel ran into a donkey-cart, and tipped it and all it contained into a deep ditch by the side of the road. It took some time to fish them out of the ditch, but happily driver, donkey, and cart were all uninjured, and the King compensated the man with a note for two hundred francs, congratulating himself that Queen Helena had been left at home.



THE MAIN STREET, PORT ARTHUR.

Photograph by Gribayedoff, Paris.



CONVALESCENT OFFICERS AT OSPORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.



MEN OF MARK IN DIPLOMACY: GREAT BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVES ABROAD.



SIR CHARLES HARDINGE (ST. PETERSBURG).  
*Photograph by Beresford.*



SIR NICHOLAS O'CONOR (CONSTANTINOPLE).  
*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



SIR MORTIMER DURAND (WASHINGTON).  
*Photograph by Beresford.*



SIR WILLIAM GOSCHEN (COPENHAGEN).  
*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



## TWO FAVOURITES OF THE LYRIC STAGE.



MISS ISABEL JAY (MRS. H. CAVENDISH) AND  
HER BABY.

**E**VEN in the days when she was not playing the recognised leading part, but an incidental character, and a small one at that, Miss Gertie Millar had such a *chic*, such a daintiness and grace combined with that *joie de vivre* which is no less infectious on the stage than off, that she speedily became one of the great favourites with the public which frequents the Gaiety Theatre. It is, indeed, one of the advantages which musical comedy possesses that it enables those individual qualities of a young actor or actress which make for success to be vividly shown in an interpolated song or dance, while the same individual might have to wait for years on the regular stage for the opportunity to demonstrate the possession of talents which would win for him, or her, immediate recognition and reward. And, when all is said and done, it is this chance which is the great thing in the life of the artist who depends on public favour. At the old Gaiety Miss Millar was noted for singing some of the songs, like "Maisie," which acquired an enormous vogue, not only in London but through the length and breadth of the country and in the countries over the seas. Her performances were thus made notable even among the many clever people Mr. Edwardes always gathers together for the interpretation of the plays he produces. The new Gaiety gave further opportunities to Miss Millar for the display of those qualities which have made her famous. Certainly no one seems better able to bring out the sparkling and numerous possibilities of the music of Mr. Lionel Monckton than the lady whom it is his privilege to have married. At the moment Miss Millar is out of the bill of "The Orchid," taking a well-earned holiday, and while she is away her part is being played by the beautiful Miss Gabrielle Ray.

Ever since her return to the stage—an event which happened some little time after her marriage—Miss Isabel Jay has been winning even greater popularity and applause than were so freely bestowed on her while she was a member of the Savoy company. Miss Jay was one of the most brilliant students of the Royal Academy of Music, and had the unique distinction of being engaged straight from the Academy by Mr. D'Oyly Carte to play prima-donna parts. There is, indeed, no more popular artist on the musical-comedy stage than the leading soprano at Daly's, whose picture we have much pleasure in giving, with that of her baby, Miss Cavendish, for all readers of *The Sketch* will remember that Miss Jay married Mr. Henry Cavendish, the young explorer and traveller, some two or three years ago. The demands of Miss Cavendish on the time and attention of her mother are, as may be gathered from her appearance, considerable, for the young lady is only a little over a year old, and the consideration she expects, and gets, is naturally in inverse ratio to her size. If Miss Jay is proud of her voice and of the pleasure it gives to the thronging audiences at the theatre, as she well may be, Mrs. Henry Cavendish is infinitely prouder of her beautiful little daughter. The public, that most exigent of masters, is always eminently satisfied with Miss Jay's work. Her songs, which make some of the pleasantest moments of "The Cingalee," are characterised by the fluent vocalisation and charm of method and manner which have combined to win her an enviable position.



MISS GERTIE MILLAR (MRS. LIONEL MONCKTON) AT HOME.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.



THE CYNIC AT THE SEASIDE.



THE SNARE.

DRAWN BY C. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

### SOME WORDS ON CRITICISM.

THE truth of the phrase that it never rains but it pours is curiously shown in theatrical matters. For several weeks there has been no *première* and then comes a rush, a group of first-nights—five of them between Saturday and Saturday—with a transfer of a play and the reproduction of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," with a prologue, into the bargain. No wonder if the thought of this avalanche causes the critic to groan. It may be assumed, however, that the public takes an incorrect view of the effect upon the critics of such a rush—supposing that it ever thinks about the critics at all, which is doubtful. For though we think a good deal of—or, at least, about—one another, and there are a few amateur first-nighters who read more than one "account" of a new play, I fancy and fear that the rest of the unprofessional playgoers do not care much concerning our writings and doings, and even imagine that our labour is almost purely mechanical. Indeed, I have often been asked, in good faith, whether the pluralist critics (most of us write for more than one paper) do not simply send

of some others, proved more fertile in ideas than when labouring at leisure. The remark, of course, is only applicable to born first-night writers. There are admirable critics, rich in knowledge and judgment, and able to produce good—that is, readable—"copy" at leisure who are paralysed by the clock. I have seen one of them who incautiously attempted a lightning-speed notice waste half his time walking up and down and groaning because he could not find his first sentence. That first sentence is a terrible affair to those who become a slave to it, and if I were giving lessons to a young journalist I should as a first proposition say to him: "Never mind your first sentence." Indeed, I might indulge in a manufactured bull and tell him that he should never begin with a first sentence. For, if you are so lucky and unlucky as to lead off with a good phrase, it will dominate your notice and often lead you away and astray, and at the end of half-an-hour there will be a piece of writing which may have pleased you, but coerces you into a violent and perhaps unfair handling of your subject, or, at the best, into irrelevancies.

"Make good 'copy' relevantly if you can, but anyhow make good 'copy,'" is a maxim of some of us that I do not endorse, though, if for "good copy" you substitute "fine literature," one of our most brilliant critics has subscribed to it—indeed, has promulgated it. There is, however, hardly time enough for "fine literature" and thoughtful criticism between the fall of the curtain and the last despairing cries of the "printer's devil" of the morning paper, except, of course, for the genius independent of laws. Most of us are content if our column is not very dull, if the grammar passes, the split infinitive is absent, the "and which" cannot be discovered, a particular word is not repeated often unintentionally, and the sentences are reasonably mixed in length.

It is frequently suggested that the night-work, necessarily done with a rush, cannot be sound as criticism, since the writer has not time enough for thorough thought. Clearly, a final judgment written under such circumstances on a work like "Hamlet" would not be satisfactory; and there are several works a-year in relation to which this criticism upon the lightning-speed critics is just. The mere fact that the number of such works is small can hardly be accepted as an answer. On the other hand, such a treatment of "Hamlet" might be of real value and, indeed, be almost essential to the due comprehension of the work, since acting-value as compared with the other aspects of a drama is essentially a matter of first impression, and no amount of thinking can ever affect this. At leisure, one may carefully examine the causes of the second impression, but—and it is at the same time a superb quality and a rather humiliating defect—the first is the vital impression in the playhouse. It is with this first impression working in him that the critic rushes off to the newspaper office; and speaking, I hope, impartially, I venture to say that the accuracy of these hasty judgments is remarkably high in cases where judgment is not tinged by prejudice. The work, no doubt, is hard, like all pressure brain-work, and five first-nights of some importance during eight days will cause the writers some weary hours—in between; for the fatigue is not really felt during the work, and though some of us after an unusually heavy night "crack up" almost instantly after our task is finished, no signs of fatigue appear in the writing. It is something of an accomplishment to produce a column or so of readable "copy" at a rate of from eight hundred words an hour upwards that has the negative qualities I have already enumerated, and in addition expresses opinions, strong opinions, that do not lead to successful actions for libel. Sometimes in Court during such actions, one listens to arguments for hours concerning the particular turn of a phrase and the question whether it exhibits malice or no; and then the fact strikes me that if the jury only knew that the few words discussed for hours have in fact been written in a few seconds, they would grow impatient and ask leave merely to consider the criticism as a whole and not line by line, so as not to treat as intentional that which is really accidental. None of us writers, I fancy, are free from the experience of surprise at seeing in print what we wrote late at night. The wise never read their articles in print, since even if to the careless reader the "copy" seems all right, to the meticulous writer almost every sentence is an agony, and he becomes anxious to resign his post, feeling that it is impossible to write decently under the conditions, which nevertheless, I maintain, are not quite unsatisfactory from any point of view, although I doubt whether any save those who have been through the mill ever will be persuaded that the work can be done properly, or believe that in the strife against time and sleep the brain is often worked up to a quite unwonted pitch of activity.



MR. REGINALD KENNEDY-COX,  
AUTHOR OF "THE CHETWYND AFFAIR," THE NEW PLAY  
AT THE ROYALTY.

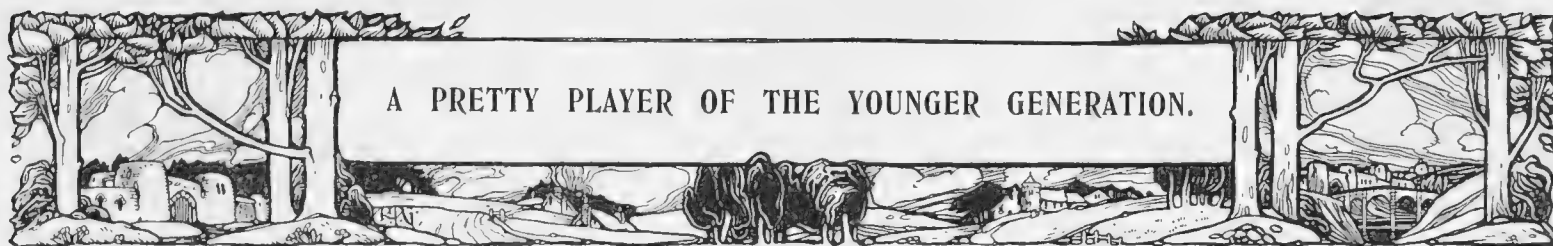
Photograph by the Gainsborough Studio.

several copies of the same notice to the several journals that they represent. How enthusiastic editors would be if we attempted to adopt such a policy! Of course, this method would save a lot of trouble and much anxiety; but seeing that there is prodigious competition for the post of dramatic critic, and that any editor could get his columns filled and overfilled by people willing to write in consideration of getting the tickets for the first-nights, we may not take our tasks so easily. In fact, and quite reasonably, each editor expects the work for his paper to be done as if the critic wrote for no other. In saying this I am speaking only of the important papers; there are not a few which possess no critic at all, and the articles on the theatres which appear in them are done "in the office" with scissors, paste, and a blue pencil.

Probably nine readers out of ten merely read without asking themselves whether a dramatic criticism is good "copy"; whilst the editors, on the other hand, merely consider whether an article is good "copy" or not, though there are papers in which the theatrical "copy" is merely regarded as a kind of necessary evil, viewed as a non-sporting editor regards "racing intelligence." The labour of turning out good "copy" on dramatic subjects without being flagrantly irrelevant is often very difficult, and the critic who tries to be something more than a reporter looks forward with excitement to the interesting and important plays not only on account of the pleasure he may have in seeing them, but also because he knows he will have pleasure—*anxious pleasure*, perhaps—in writing about them.

The advantage of these groups of plays to the critic is that they are stimulating. It is a curious fact, with no doubt some obvious physiological explanation, that the night-work is done better after a night or two than after a rest, and it is done better at night than in the daytime. The last phrase sounds absurd, but refers to the fact that the Monday notices of the daily paper critics are their worst. This used to be remarkably noticeable in the case of Clement Scott. The brain working at fever speed for two hours, in his case and that





MISS DORIS BERESFORD, APPEARING IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*



## PICTURES OF PARIS AND SOME PARISIANS.

## XII.—THE MUMMERS' MARKET.

WE had been strolling somewhat aimlessly along the upper reaches of the Boulevards, and got to that part which resembles one of the locks upon the Thames. The pavement runs uphill on either side, and the roadway flows right away beneath it with its stream of traffic, so that, as the Vicomte said, you want but a large hat, a stick, a line, and some explosives (expletives he meant) to think yourself upon the riverside a-fishing.

"Say," said the New Yorker, "but I've got a hundred-dollar thirst, and Mademoiselle here's wilting for sheer lack of liquor."

"I am there," said the Vicomte. "Let us to La Chartreuse, and I show you something."

At first, when we got in, we couldn't make out what there was in La Chartreuse which made it so different from all other cafés. It was different. There were the same scratched looking-glasses round the walls, the same whitewashed and fly-walked ceilings other cafés have, marble-topped tables, and, in the centre, the inevitable fat lady perched at the receipt of custom, flanked by decanters of liqueurs and little metal saucers with three bits of sugar on each one of them.

And yet the place was different, and I was wondering why, when Harold suddenly exclaimed, "Why, all the world's a stage, you cuckoo!" and, following his wondering glance, I realised that every man in the place was clean-shaven, which here in Paris could mean but one thing.

Of course somebody knew the Vicomte. A Noble Father in a floating cloak flung in magnificent, if rather greasy, folds across his chest and shoulders removed a large felt hat an inch or two to Mademoiselle, replaced it, patted the Vicomte in the way to which we have now become quite accustomed, only rather more so, and asked him in a voice of thunder how it went.

The Vicomte didn't tell him. He had no time, for Noble Father started monologuing, and all that the Vicomte could slip in was "Strangers distinguished," "Make acquaintance of the camarades," and something else, which sounded vaguely like "They offer drinks."

"I feel exactly as though an angry and perspiring man in shirt-sleeves would rush on and say, 'Clear, please,' at any moment," whispered Harold; and certainly, to see the Noble Father gather up his friends and countrymen from various corners of the café by the mere lifting of an eyebrow, collect a bevy of damsels and duennas, and install the whole troupe round our table was quite a lesson in stage-management.

At a close inspection there was a something lacking in the usual splendour which attaches to the mummer. The ladies were well dressed, and tastily, not tawdrily; but there was an anxious look on the *jeune première's* face when a small drop of absinthe spurted on to a satin blouse which certainly had been cleaned more than once already; the light grey trousers of the Gay Adventurer were somewhat ragged at the edges, and his silk hat, though all his *huit reflets* were there, was rather greasy.

"Yes, we come here," the Noble Father said, "we come here to

La Chartreuse, to the Mummers' Market, and we meet with the managers. A manager, or even a particular" ("He means a private," the Vicomte explained; "a person who will give a party"), will stage an opera, a melodrama, a *comédie de mœurs*, a farce, an anything—he finds his cast at the Chartreuse. It is a tour—we make a company for him; it is a week, a month, a day, it is the same. A few sheets of stamped paper, pens, ink, a little money, *et voilà*, the company is formed."

A young man with a deeply-lined face took off a soft felt hat and flung it on the floor beside him. He ran his two hands upwards through his hair, dropped his chin into them, and "*Tu radotes, mon vieux*—you're drivelling," he said to the Noble Father. "Why shall we pose? These come not to engage; they come to know. Well, then, I tell them, I."

There was a little burst of silence, a stillness punctuated by much eyebrow and eye play of expostulatory description, but the young man with the seamed face and the deep voice still held the stage in spite of it. "Ours is a life of misery in smiles," he said. "We are the actors who have had engagements, and who ply for hire. Our lives, *hélas!*—three days in this town and three days in that, a summer tour perhaps, and then, somewhere away from Paris, one day, when 'the management regrets.' Oh, how we know them, those regrets! The manager, he talks and talks and talks always. We finger the two francs and the three sous within our pocket, talk of the large indemnity that he must pay us, and wonder where to-morrow's breakfast is to come from. And we have wives, some of us, children. *Mais elle s'en fiche, la direction.* Then comes the seizure of our luggage, and we are stranded, without clothes and penniless. The Mayor, perhaps, sends us back to Paris, to La Chartreuse. This is our real home. What I have told you is our life, and we must smile to live—smile always."

The *ingénue* near me—she was the speaker's wife—was crying quietly, and little rivulets made powder-banks upon her face.

"Who is that melancholy geeser?" whispered the New Yorker to the Vicomte.

"A provincial comic of the most distinguished," replied the little man, with a half sigh.

We paid, shook hands all round, and left.

But Mademoiselle ran back to kiss "the comic's" wife.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Max Dearly is one of the best-known of Parisian actors and an ardent admirer of the English stage. He has been well called the "Huntley Wright of Paris," and is the prime mover in the Anglophile theatrical movement in the Gay City. The musical comedy has now attained quite a vogue in Paris, "The Belle of New York" and "The Toreador" having been enormously successful, and now Max Dearly has left the Variétés in order to stage "A Country Girl" at the Folies-Bergères and play the leading part in it. M. Dearly is also a reader of *The Sketch*, and our recent Supplement "Do We Need the Actress?" so amused him and Coquelin *cadet* that they had their photographs taken in "Le Roman et la Portière," in order to show English playgoers "what ladies two French actor men can be."



A PARIS READER OF "THE SKETCH": M. MAX DEARLY  
AND HIS DOGS "FLOCK" AND "JACK."



M. Max Dearly.

M. Coquelin cadet.

"DO WE NEED THE ACTRESS?": A FRENCH VERSION

Photographs by Du Guy, Paris.



# *Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.*

*By Frank Reynolds, R.I.*



"WELL, THEN, I TELL THEM, I."



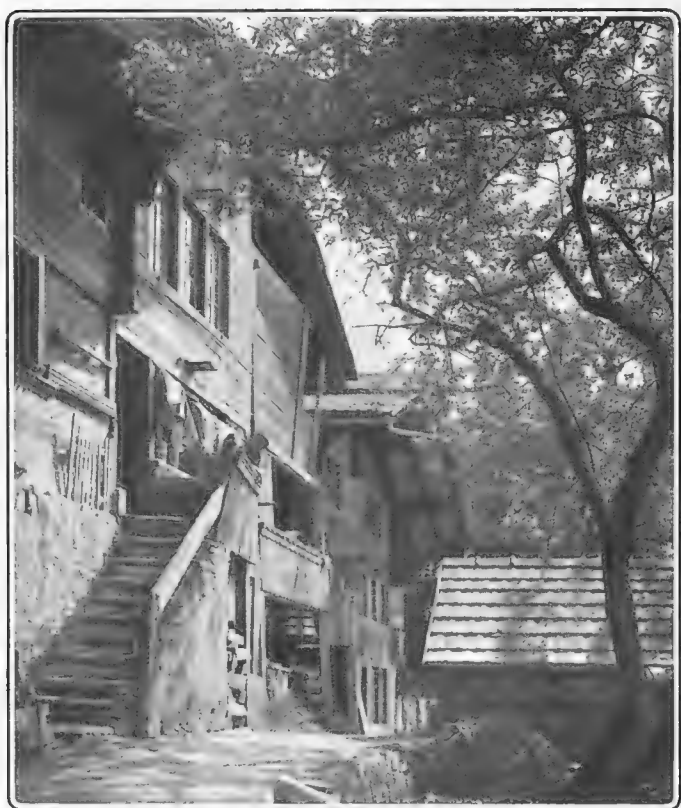
## THE TOURIST IN SWITZERLAND: SOME PICTURESQUE VIEWS.



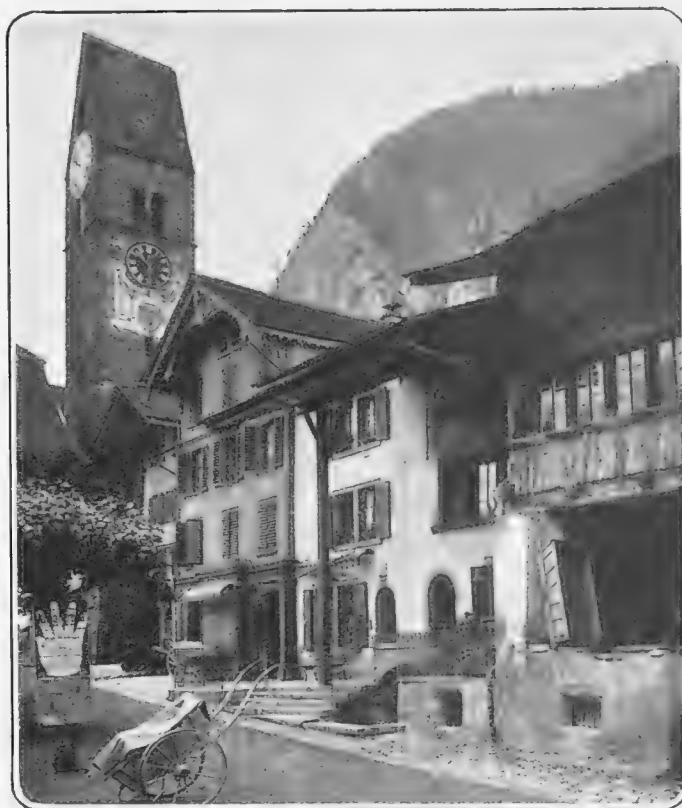
CASTLE OBERHOFEN.



GUNTEN, ON LAKE THUN.



ISELTWALD.



THE OLD TOWN, INTERLAKEN.



GLARIS, A TYPICAL VILLAGE OF THE GRISONS.



LAUTERBRUNNEN.

THE TOURIST IN SWITZERLAND: LAKE LUGANO AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.



THE TOWN AND CATHEDRAL.



THE QUAY.



MARKET DAY.



MORCOTE.



SCENE AT CASSARATE.



ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE.





## A CAUTIOUS LOVER.

I rather think I love you—  
 Mind, I do not say I do;  
 I like to sing of true love,  
 But perhaps my love's not true?  
 I'm very conscientious,  
 I'll be candid, darling, quite;  
 But I hope you'll grasp exactly  
 That I love you, dear—to-night.

A blue dress always suits you,  
 It's the colour of your eyes.  
 You wonder that I notice?  
 It seems to cause surprise?  
 That shows I'm really smitten  
 Very much more than you think.  
 I'd die for you in blue, dear;  
 But—would that apply to pink?

Could I be always faithful?  
 I think, perhaps, I might.  
 I could be true till death, dear,  
 Were I to die to-night.  
 Of all the girls I've met, love,  
 You are the beautiful Queen;  
 But there are so many others, dear,  
 That I have never seen.

Good-bye, my sweetest angel,  
 I've loved you quite three days.  
 I'm not exaggerating;  
 It is honesty that pays.  
 It is so sad to part, dear,  
 To-night my heart's on fire:  
 If it cools off to-morrow, love,  
 I'll let you have a wire.

SYDNEY FANE.

R. Gossop

*"Resting."*



DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY, R.I.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is good news that Mrs. Creighton has written the Life of her husband, Bishop Creighton. The book is nearly ready for publication, and will be issued in two volumes by Messrs. Longmans. Bishop Creighton was a good letter-writer, and in his first years at Embleton he must have written many. In London he was much admired for the point and vivacity of his conversation. If he has found a Boswell, the book should be of permanent value.

The latest volume in the English Men of Letters series is the posthumous work on Hobbes by Sir Leslie Stephen. Sir Leslie was at home in dealing with such a subject, and the condensed account here of Hobbes' philosophy is invaluable. Perhaps more might have been done in the way of quotation, but Sir Leslie does not fail to quote the celebrated lines from Hobbes' translation of Homer. The lines are from the famous meeting of Hector and Andromache—

Now Hector met her with  
their little boy,  
That in their nurse's arms  
was carried;  
And like a star upon her  
bosom lay  
His beautiful and shining  
golden head.

He does not mention that these lines were probably discovered by Christopher North. In his eloquent essays on "Homer and His Translators," Christopher says, "Old Hobbes' version, though bare and bald, is sometimes strangely illuminated by sudden gleams of natural inspiration." He quotes the lines, and goes on, "He, too, omits the three epithets—though 'little' is endearing; but the rest is exquisite." Hobbes' philosophic creed was of all frozen and freezing creeds the most selfish; but "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the old, childless metaphysician—he was upwards of eighty, we believe, when he undertook the translation of Homer—is vivified into a man and a father.

Sir Leslie Stephen's somewhat sardonic humour is welcome in the recital of so many dry and stark paradoxes. Thus: "The inhabitants of market towns were already fertile in the Stigginses of the period." Referring to Hobbes' attempts at circle-squaring, he observes: "The moral is, I suppose, that a man ought to read Euclid before he is forty." Hobbes calculated that he had been drunk a hundred times in the course of his life, "which," says Aubrey, "considering his great age, did not amount to once a year." Twice a year would hardly have brought him up to the average of his time. He could never endure habitual excess, and after sixty he drank no wine, though "neither had he an abhorrescence to good wine."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has been writing the story of his inner life under the title "Books that Have Influenced Me." So far this heading, which is not a new one, is scarcely appropriate, for Mr. O'Connor has mentioned very few books. But he has told, in a frank and attractive manner, the tale of his mind and moods. He thinks his great power is that of taking himself entirely away from the external world and the world of reality, and finding within himself occupation and consolation. He has lived so intensely and so constantly this inner life that he has been able to put himself inside the minds of a number of people entirely

remote from him in every respect. There have been disadvantages, however, in this detachment from the realities of life. In his early days in Dublin, Mr. O'Connor exalted this power of isolation from the ordinary world to such a pitch that he made it a pride not to speak to or even look at the person who might be next him at a theatre, and he used to boast with truth that he often left the play-house after four hours in his seat without knowing whether it was a man or a woman that occupied the place next to him. It is scarcely wonderful that, when he tried journalistic life in London, he had great difficulty in getting employment. He says, "I made no acquaintances; I don't know that I wanted acquaintances; and thus it was that after these three years I knew as little of the real life in London as if I had never put foot in the city. It was this disastrous ignorance that

accounted largely for the fact that, with great powers of industry, with great energy, and with a certain amount of talent, I remained for three years without regular employment." No doubt, the journalist now finds his way only when he learns that his stock-in-trade is peculiar to himself, not what he shares with others; that the most important part of that stock-in-trade is not what he has read, but what he has noted with his own eyes and ears.

Mr. Werner Laurie, the new publisher, has secured, I believe, a novel by Victoria Cross.

Mr. Frederic Harrison has written a short note as preface to Mr. George Gissing's posthumous story, "Veranilda." In two and a-half pages of print he gives a short account of the merits of the story, of Gissing's great pains in studying his materials, and his life-long devotion to romance. Mr. Harrison, as an old friend of George Gissing, gives his opinion that Mr. Gissing would not have liked the essay on him which Mr. Wells has written and published in the *Monthly Review*. As to that I have no right to give an opinion, but, as a warm admirer of Gissing's books, I may say that I do not like Mr. Wells's criticism; and I shall be very much surprised if it

turns out that "Veranilda" surpasses the best of his excellent early work on London.

Among the autumn novels will be a romance of the Crusades by Mr. Rider Haggard.

The pretty edition of "Cecilia" just issued by Messrs. Bell in their promising "York Library" has a preface written more than twenty years ago by Mrs. Raine Ellis. Mr. Austin Dobson's careful and exhaustive researches have been made since that time, but Mrs. Ellis has no reason to be ashamed of her work, which shows knowledge and care. Fanny Burney "just missed knowing Richardson; she was sought and honoured by Scott." She was so far beyond her old friend Mrs. Thrale that she knew how to value Scott; but Mrs. Thrale was twelve years older, and may be excused on that ground for complaining that the "Tales of My Landlord" were written in a new way, "quite unlike what was admired when she was young"—a remark true and just enough.


O. O.




IN THE SHADE.

MRS. TOMKINS: *How hot it is!*

MR. TOMKINS: *Do you think so, my love?*



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
SOME PRETTY STUDIES.  
*Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*





LA CIGALE.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
A PRETTY STUDY.



THE TRYST.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
A PRETTY STUDY.



PANDORA'S BOX.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
TWO PRETTY STUDIES.



AN EGYPTIAN MUSICIAN



VANITY.

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I SUPPOSE there will be some few readers ready to share my belief that the Marquis of Anglesey is really no other than our old friend Aladdin. Reading through the list of effects that are being sold in connection with his failure, and knowing nothing of Anglesey or the family history of its Marquises, I feel sure that the Castle was built by the djinn who serve the Lamp, and that they brought to the once happy possessor of the Enchanted Palace the wealth of clothes and trinkets whose enumeration sets every dandy gasping. Only in this way can I explain the making of the collection; and if my theory is correct one may assume that the Lamp has passed for a time from its owner's keeping. A similar accident befell Aladdin in the early times of which the Eastern story tells us; the Wicked Magician secured the treasure and left Aladdin as poor as Job. But the Lamp was restored to its rightful owner, and I hope that in the case of the Marquis history will repeat itself, and that he will yet again number his motor-cars by the score, his dressing-gowns by the hundred, his waistcoats by the thousand, while his nether garments become as the sands of the seashore for multitude.

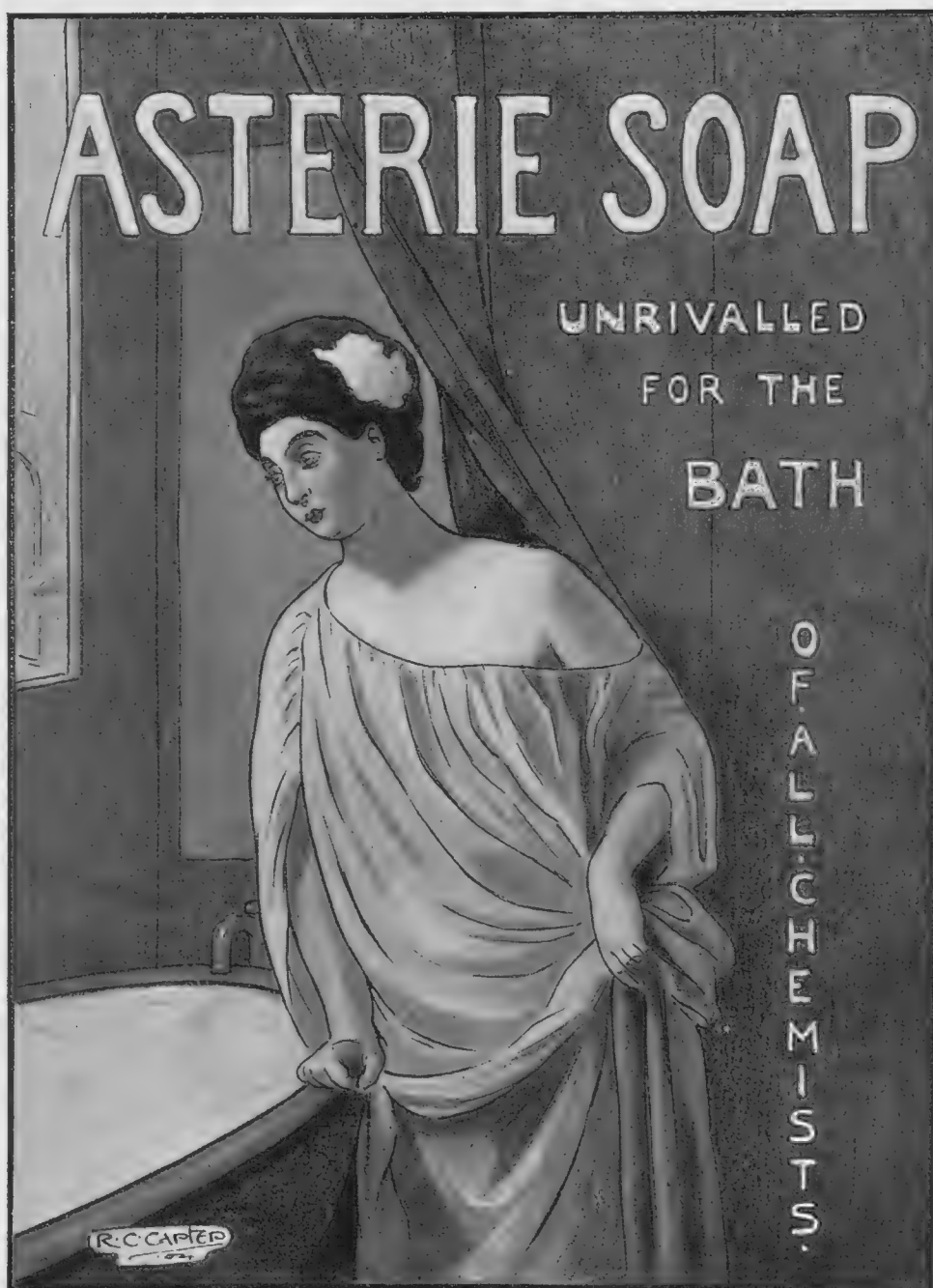
A week or two ago I had not heard of Mr. Adolf Beck; now I cannot escape from him. His name faces me in every morning paper. That he has been scurvily treated is too true, and that the Treasury's offer does not err on the side of generosity I admit cheerfully; but at the same time I think that Mr. Beck's latter-day luck atones in part for his earlier misfortunes. For now he is a free man, divers journals of largest circulation propose to minister to his wants, he is giving certain officials the worst quarter of an hour in their lives, and he is elevated to the very front rank of Silly Season correspondence. From durance vile he emerges like butterfly from chrysalis, and proceeds to the high places of my morning paper; he is equal to Port Arthur, and may be placed above the Russian Baltic Squadron. At his side the Free Church controversy that agitates Great Britain north of the Tweed pales its ineffectual fires, and, did he desire the doubtful honour, there is not a music-hall in the metropolis that would not "star" him. Were Parliament sitting, the Treasury might be forced to open its purse a little wider under direct Cabinet pressure, for when its great heart is stirred over a question that can be readily understood, the nation rules its rulers, and a properly incensed Mr. Beck might pull the Government from its seat.

I took up a daily paper the other morning and read a message from Mrs. Maybrick to the world at large. To the extent that I look at the Maybrick case with the rest of the world at large, the message was a mistake. The lady may have been unjustly sentenced, but the public is not in a position to judge, and in her case, at least, no miscarriage of justice has been proved. Under these circumstances, the decent obscurity that served the lady before might be permitted to serve her now. It would be a thousand pities for the public Press of the better order to constitute itself a Court of Criminal Appeal.

General Oku has been giving some details of outrages committed upon Japanese soldiers by the Russians, and his story does not make pretty reading. At the same time I do not think the Russian Generals are involved in any way by the charges. In the Russian ranks one may find a very large percentage of men who are illiterate or uncivilised creatures. During the campaign against China these men were allowed to do just as they pleased; murder and outrage were part of their reward, and this license was the deliberate grant of the Russian Central Government. One Russian General telegraphed home on several occasions for permission to spare non-combatants, women, and children, and the authorities are said to have reprimanded him for his humanity. Blagovestchensk was not a

local affair; it was directed from St. Petersburg as much as the massacres of Kishineff. So it seems as though the Central Government, which has connived at massacre and outrage in the past, is morally responsible now. Had Russian arms been victorious in the Far East, we should have read of shocking deeds directed from Nevsky Prospekt, for the Muscovite methods of dealing with a beaten aggressor would have sickened Gengis-Khan.

I read with interest that the Essex coast is to be invaded very soon, and that the long, desolate reaches now given over to curlew and heron, red shank and plover, will see transports arriving and a great army threatening the peaceful fields. History repeats itself. The manœuvring soldiers who will ascend the Blackwater River will be treading in the path of the Danes, who invaded England along the same waterway and fought a bloody battle at the old town of Maldon. In the past century records of that fight were still turned up by the plough. But this latter-day invasion will be a peaceful affair enough, and will do no more than disturb the partridges. In some districts allotted to the manœuvres daily papers are rarely seen, and I am prepared to hear that many of the rustics believe the invasion is a real one and that the sanctity of their island home is violated.



PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1904: AS SEEN BY R. C. CARTER.  
VIII. "ASTERIE."

With profound apologies to Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.



## THE HUMOURIST AT OSTEND.



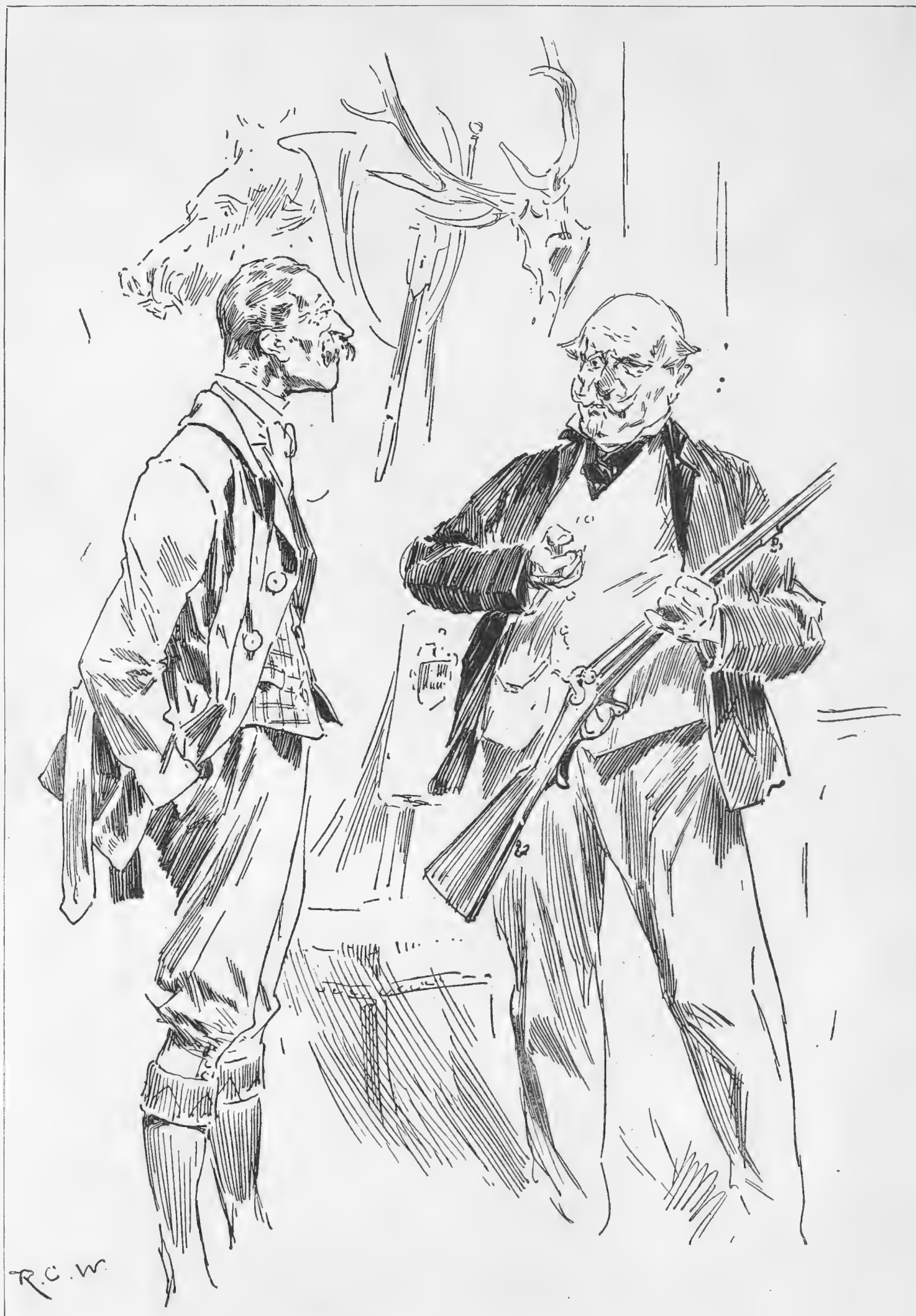
"HOW DOTHTHE LITTLE BUSY BEE."



A STUDY OF YOUNG LIFE BY JOHN HASSALL, R.I.



*Types of Aristocrats. By Caton Woodville.*



"MESSRS. BROWN AND SON."

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## BERTIE AND ADVERTISEMENT.

By JOHN WORNE.



BERTIE yawned. Eva paid no attention to him. They had said nothing to each other for at least thirty minutes. Bertie yawned again. "Read something to me," he said, wearily.

"What do you want?"

"Get the 'Encyclopædia' and read the article on 'Mormons' again. It may cheer us."

"When I read it last it only made you feel your grievance the more."

"It did: that's what cheered us. No good having a grievance unless you feel it." He got up slowly and went to the window. "The preposterous thing about being married," he said, "is that the course of love can't run anything but smooth. One feels so confoundedly safe."

"Oh, do you?" said Eva.

"Why, certainly. Before we were married—at least, before the wedding-presents began to arrive—you might very well have said, 'I've found somebody else I like better: you needn't call again.' Knowing that, I had to behave accordingly."

"I didn't notice that the thought affected you much."

"That's because the possibility did not occur to you. You never met anybody you *could* like better than me. When I think it over now, I see plainly that there could never have been any such person."

"There were several such persons," said Eva.

"You only say that now because you think it annoys me; but it doesn't. It only increases my triumph."

"And Lord Bobby said only the other day that, whenever you became more insufferable than usual, I was to turn to him——"

"Hasn't he learnt wisdom yet?"

"——and the only reason I haven't done so is that it is hard to say when you *are* more insufferable than usual."

"This is a cat-and-dog life," said Bertie, sighing. "Let me see, what was I saying last?"

"You were saying you felt so safe. And if you say it again, I shall go straight home."

"What about a little run over to America? I am told a man can get a divorce there on the colour of his wife's hair."

Eva tossed her head. "If you think there's anything wrong with the colour of my hair——"

"Oh, don't say it can be changed!"

"I wasn't going to, because it can't. And I'm not going to stay here to be insulted."

Bertie seemed not to hear. "The worst of being married," he said, "is that there is an utter absence of that uncertainty which is the life-blood of romance. Would young Lochinvar have ridden out of the west if he had known that she was his in any event? Would Leander have swum the Hellespont if Hero had been his wife? Did I offer to swim any distance when we were on our honeymoon? Not a bit of it. Now, why not? Is not the reason simply this—Hullo!"

He looked round and found the chair empty in which Eva had but lately sat. Nor was she anywhere in the room.

"It's no fun talking to myself," he muttered. "She's getting too clever at shutting me up since we married! This must be seen to before it goes too far."

And he thought out ways of seeing to it till he heard her footsteps on the stairs. He listened. She came down. She walked as if dressed for going out. She went past the room, towards the hall-door. He jumped up and ran into the hall.

"Hullo!" he said. "Where are you going?"

She had opened the hall-door. "I'm going home," she said. "Kindly call me a hansom."

He rang and a footman appeared. "Call a hansom for Mrs. Pilkington."

The footman whistled and one came.

"Ever coming back?" said Bertie.

"Never," said Eva in the tone of one ordering dinner.

"Mrs. Pilkington is never coming back," said Bertie to the footman, who bowed respectfully.

He handed her into the cab. "Have you remembered your purse?"

She turned from him scornfully and gave the cabman the address.

"Oh, one moment!" said Bertie. "Eva, my dearest!"

He jumped on to the step. She looked at him with something like repentance in her eyes.

"Well?"

"What about the wedding-presents? Ought we to send them back?"

She turned up her nose. "Kindly allow the cab to go on," she said.

He watched it disappear, and then walked back with a heavy step into the deserted mansion that was doomed to ring with her merry laugh no more. For half-an-hour he sat at his desk, writing in a large hand on sheets of paper and studying the effect, in different lights, of what he had written. At last he seemed satisfied. Then he drove to the office of the *Morning Wire*.

"Good-morning," he said. "Is your circulation good?"

"It is the largest in the world, sir."

"I saw that announcement twenty years ago."

"Yes, sir; and what we said twenty years ago we do not go back upon now."

"If I advertise for anything in your columns, do you undertake to find it? That is the point I want to get clear."

"Well, sir, we——"

"Or, if you don't find it, do you supply an article similar to and equivalent in value to the thing lost?"

"I am not quite sure, sir, that . . . If you will wait one moment, sir, I will inquire of the manager——"

"Because I've lost a wife and I particularly want to find her. It is important."

"Our 'Agony' column, sir, is much read, and——"

"Oh, it's not so serious as that. 'Agony' is not quite the word."

"Perhaps you would prefer her to come under the head of 'Miscellaneous Wants,' sir?"

"That's more like it."

"Our terms are five shillings for three lines and sixpence a word after."

"That sounds reasonable," said Bertie, "and how much space between the lines do you give me for that?"

"There will be the ordinary space, sir."

"I should like my lines, you know, to take up a whole page."

The young man at the counter opened his eyes very wide.

"I want something that will attract the attention of the public."

"I think you had better see the proprietors, sir; I don't know that we have a page to spare."

"Oh, you can drop your ladies' column, your funny man, and your leading articles for a day without anybody noticing it."

"So we all say, sir; but the editor, you know, sir, he has views as to the way the paper ought to be conducted."

"Never mind; let him leave out anything he likes, and I'll be satisfied with half-a-page. Here is the notice I want put in."

"Very good, sir; that will be two hundred pounds."

"Ah!" said Bertie, "I thought five shillings was an underestimate. I will give you a cheque."

He wrote a cheque and left.

The young man looked knowingly at a colleague and gently tapped his forehead with his forefinger.

Bertie at breakfast next morning gazed in admiration at his copy of the *Morning Wire*. For the first time he had the satisfaction of seeing himself in print. His contribution took up one-half of the chief advertisement-page; it ran, in bold letters, as follows—

**FIVE POUNDS REWARD.**

**LOST.**

A young person of Attractive Appearance,

Brown Hair,

and

Engaging Manners.

Sometimes answers to the name of Eva. Of no use to anybody but her husband. Anybody returning the same to the same—viz., H. Pilkington, Esq., 256, Grosvenor Square—will be rewarded to an extent not exceeding the above. And No Questions asked.

"Money is said to be tight at present," said Bertie to himself; "we shall see what happens." Things began to happen very soon.

About an hour after breakfast, Lord Bobby drove up and rang violently. As he was shown in, Bertie settled himself in an arm-chair, with a doleful face and his shoulders round his ears.

"That's a nice thing to do!" said Lord Bobby, wrathfully flourishing a copy of the *Morning Wire*.

Bertie looked up with a wan smile. "Ah, my dear fellow, this is indeed kind——!"

"I say, that's a nice thing to do! No wonder she goes away when you do things like that!"



"But she went away before I did it. I thought I made that clear."

"I call it monstrous!"

"Call what monstrous, old man?"

"Not offering more than five pounds. Why, she's worth millions."

"To me, yes; but not to anybody else. I thought I put that in."

"Where do you think she has gone?"

"Who knows? Why should I advertise if I knew? She has some cousins of a distant kind in Manchester. She once mentioned some people that she knew in Plymouth."

"The five pounds would not cover the railway-fare."

"I might be willing to consider a claim for expenses," said Bertie.

Lord Bobby was silent and thoughtful for a little while. "I'm awfully sorry for you, old man; but I can't help feeling that you have done a good deal to bring it upon yourself. I could have warned you, only I didn't like to interfere."

"Yes," said Bertie, wringing his hand warmly. "She mentioned that you had been suggesting that she should do something of the kind."

"Oh!" said Lord Bobby, awkwardly. "I think you must have misunderstood what she said."

"Probably," said Bertie, drily.

"Anyhow, I will do my best to get her back for you."

"Every little helps," said Bertie.

There was a knock at the door, and Samson entered.

"There's two persons, sir, a male and a female, want to see you."

"Show them in," said Bertie, wearily.

Samson ushered in the persons. The male came first. He seemed an honest fellow of the sandwich-man class, and shuffled in nervously. He was pulling the lady along by the arm.

She, too, seemed worthy, wore a skirt of a vivid blue, and a large feather in her hat, had brown hair, and, quite possibly, engaging manners. Her occupation might have been the selling of flowers.

"Well?" said Bertie.

"I must go now," said Lord Bobby. "I won't interrupt you."

"Oh, no! No hurry," said Bertie. "Well?"

"Good-mornin', sir."

"Good-morning."

"Earin' as you'd lawst a lidy wiv brahn 'air nime of Heva, sir, I just 'appened ter be strollin' dahn the Whitechapel Road, sayin' 'Heva' ter every lidy wiv brahn 'air as I c'ud see, when I 'its upon the very one, sir, just by accident like, so I brought 'er along, an' I 'opes you 'aven't bin hanxious about 'er, sir, an' she wishes me ter say, sir, as she's sorry as she took on so, an' is willin' ter come 'ome again an' let bygawns be bygawns, an', no offence, sir, it's a 'ot bit o' walkin' from Whitechapel to 'ere, sir, on a dusty dye, an' I 'opes you're in good 'ealth, sir."

Bertie looked at the pair in some astonishment.

"Gad!" said Lord Bobby, "I'm glad it has ended so happily."

"What on earth——?" Bertie began.

"That's 'im, eh?" said the man. "That's yer sorrowin' 'usband?"

"Ho, yus!" said the lady; "that's 'im. 'Ow are you, Bertie?"

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake, my man," said Bertie, stiffly.

"No, my dear fellow," said Lord Bobby, "do be reasonable. Don't bear her a grudge now that she has come back. How do you do, Mrs. Pilkington? I'm so glad it's all over. Now I can leave you with him."

He shook hands with the lady.

"Don't be a fool!" said Bertie, with some irritation. "Look here, my good fellow, you've made a mistake."

"Mistake!" said the man, truculently, as he produced a copy of the *Morning Wire*. "Mistake! Wot abaht this 'ere? D'ye think I'd 'ave brought 'er back if yer 'adn't asked me to? An' promised five pahnds too. Wot 'ave I walked from Whitechapel fer, that's wot I want ter know?" And he slapped the open page with a grimy paw.

"Don't make so much noise or I'll have you chucked out. You can take this woman back to where you found her."

The man opened his mouth to say something strong, but the lady broke in. She had a shrill voice. "Me go awye agin? Not much! I'll 'ave my conjoogial rights, if I 'ave to go before the Beak to get 'em."

"Pr'aps 'e'll sye you're not 'is wife," said the man.

"Pr'aps 'e'd better!" said the lady, defiantly.

"No, no," said Lord Bobby; "he won't go as far as that."

"Shut up!" said Bertie, losing his temper. He got up from his chair. "Are you two going, or shall I have to get you chucked out?"

"Is she your wife or ain't she?" said the man.

"Yes, yes," said Lord Bobby, anxious to prevent a riot if possible; "of course she is. But you mustn't exasperate Mr. Pilkington; he is rather hasty at times, but he doesn't mean it. You have to learn how to manage him."

Bertie very nearly seized Lord Bobby by the throat. The voice of the lady distracted his attention for a moment. "It ain't a surprise that I left 'im alone a bit, eh? But that'll be all right. You ain't goin' to lose yer 'air wiv me, Bertie?"

Bertie fumed in impotent rage.

"Gimme my five quid, an' yer won't catch me interferin' again atween a man an' 'is missis. It ain't no bloomin' cop, nohow."

"Get out," said Bertie, "or I'll call in the police!"

"This is all yer get fer doin' a kind act! 'Ere, no violence; two can pl'y that game!"

Lord Bobby hastened between them and lowered the gentleman's uplifted fist. The lady hung on to Bertie's arm.

"Pray be calm, everybody," said Lord Bobby.

"Where's my five quid?" roared the gentleman. "Wot 'ave I walked all the wye from Whitechapel fer, that's wot I want ter know?"

"So do I," said Bertie, struggling to get himself free from the lady as the door opened and Samson appeared once more.

"There's two persons asking to see you, sir; shall I show them in?"

"Shoot 'em!" said Bertie, savagely. "Shoot anybody else who comes near the house!"

"Very good, sir," said Samson.

"And turn these two out at once. What on earth did you mean by letting them in?"

"Where's my bloomin' five quid?" said the gentleman, squaring up for battle.

"This way out, please," said Samson, very politely. The lady set her hands on her hips and looked him up and down with scorn.

"Er—waitah," she said, "kindly see as this gentleman 'as 'is dinner before 'e goes, and jes' write 'im a cheque for five pahnds. My 'usband 'as just enough left at the bank."

Samson looked puzzled, being loth to use violence to a young woman of such physical strength. Nor had Bertie any clear idea of what was to be done. There was a dramatic pause. Suddenly a great noise arose in the hall. It was difficult to distinguish the words, but the footman seemed to be trying to persuade somebody that he couldn't come in. Samson turned hurriedly and opened the door. As he did so, there burst in a gentleman who might well have been a dustman, dragging a lady whose ordinary occupation might have been that of a laundress. She had brown hair, and the footman was, with much loss of dignity, trying to drag her back.

"Come on, Heva; never mind 'im. 'E can't keep yer awye from yer 'usband. Which is the gent as 'as lawst 'is wife? 'Ere y' are, sir; 'ere she is, as good as new, an' no questions asked! Glad to do yer a service, an' it's been a thirsty job, sir."

"What the blazes——?" Bertie gasped.

"I jest 'appened to be arskin' every gal wiv brahn 'air if 'er nime might be Heva, an' blest if I didn't 'it upon the very one——"

"Ah!" said Lord Bobby, brightly, walking up to the second lady.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Pilkington. I am glad——"

"Oo's Mrs. Pilkington?" said the first lady, wrathfully. "Wot's this woman doin' 'ere?"

"Wot am I doin' 'ere!" exclaimed the second lady. "Wot am I doin' in my own 'ouse as I left from the harms of a lovin' 'usband?"

"Oo sez 'e's your 'usband, I should like to know?" said the first lady. "Where's yer marriage lines? Is wot I say?"

"Listen to 'er, the 'ussy!" screamed the second lady. "Listen to her hinsultin' a honest woman in 'er own 'ouse. Marriage lines——"

"Ho! yus," said the first lady, in a still higher tone; "a nice woman you are——"

And Bertie put his hands to his ears and fled through the hall to the drawing-room, where he slammed and locked the door and sank exhausted into a chair.

"Great Scott!" he groaned. "If ever I advertise for anything——"

"Good-morning," said a chilly voice. He looked round with a start. It was Eva's mother, and Eva sat by her side.

"Good-morning," Mrs. Rowen repeated. "I see by the paper that you have lost your wife. You may consider yourself lucky that she fell into the hands of people who were honest enough to return her."

"Eva!" said Bertie. She refused to look at him.

"Half of our visitin'-list," Mrs. Rowen continued, "have already called this morning at our house——"

"That was good of them," said Bertie.

"——anxious to earn five pounds——"

"Money is rather tight," said Bertie.

"——and the poor girl's only chance of getting a moment's peace was to come back here at once. I will now leave you. You can hardly expect to be forgiven for this preposterous piece of tomfoolery."

"I don't expect it," said Bertie, humbly, and in dejected silence he saw her off. He returned to the drawing-room. Eva was still sitting in the same place. He wandered up and down in an uncomfortable silence. Heavy footsteps were heard in the hall and many voices. Then the door slammed and all was hushed.

"Eva!" he said.

She did not answer.

"Eva, I can't say how sorry I am for making an ass of myself."

Still she said nothing.

"I mean, really, infernally sorry. I have had such a time."

"You haven't had crowds of idiots calling and——"

"Haven't I? Did your callers all say they were your husbands?"

"What do you mean?"

"Two wives have already turned up that I didn't know I had."

"You've always said you envied the Mormons," she replied, with sarcasm.

"Darling, I will never say it again. I spoke in ignorance. I am now a confirmed monogamist of the most bigoted type."

He opened the door cautiously and crept across to the breakfast-room. It was empty save for dirty foot-marks on the carpet. He breathed again. Eva had followed, laughing.

"Have they gone? Do tell me all about it! Did Lord Bobby's little plan succeed?"

"Lord Bobby's little plan! Ye gods, Lord Bobby's—by Jove!"

"Well, it was partly mine. And quite a cheap one—cheaper than yours. It only cost five shillings a head and drinks round. Now I think we are quits."

THE END.

MR. LOUIS WAIN AS A BIRD-ARTIST.



DUCKS PURSUED BY AN EAGLE.



"SERGEANT BRUE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



MR. FARREN SOUTAR AS MICHAEL

*"I am learning to say 'Hee' haw!' with the proper emphasis."*



MISS OLIVE MORRELL AS AURORA.

*"The sweetest girl in Dixie."*



MISS OLIVE MORRELL IN "UNDER A PANAMA."

*"No coon can win Miss Lulu unless he's under a Panama."*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE STAGE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE theatrical season has begun. The overture has been played, and the curtain has arisen to disclose new beauties for our admiration. On Saturday Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, one of the most brilliant writers of our generation, began the proceedings, followed on Monday by Mr. Reginald Kennedy-Cox, the newest and youngest of our playwrights, while last night Mr. Louis N. Parker, changing his collaborators in favour of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, revealed "Beauty and the Barge" at the New Theatre, where Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude will be in command until the alterations at the Haymarket are complete. To-morrow, the Criterion, from which "The Duke of Killicrankie" was transferred on Monday, gives us Miss Ada Reeve in "Winnie Brooke, Widow," while Mr. Lewis Waller returns to the Imperial on the same evening with "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," though no one who admired Mr. Waller's admirable performance would have suspected they were witnessing an incomplete form; seeing that it is now announced as the complete version. On Saturday Mr. George Alexander produces Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of Mr. Justus Miles Forman's "The Garden of Lies," while on Monday Miss Lena Ashwell enters the managerial ranks with "Marguerite," Mr. Michael Morton's adaptation of "La Montansier," at the Coronet. On Sept. 7 the Vaudeville gives us Mr. Cosmo Hamilton and Mr. Seymour Hicks's "The Catch of the Season," and next evening Mr. Charles Frohman will "present" Miss Eleanor Robson in Mr. Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann," at the Duke of York's. The 14th will see the glories of Mr. Tree's revival of "The Tempest," and the 17th is reserved for the inauguration of Mr. Otho Stuart and Mr. Oscar Asche's season at the Adelphi, with Mr. Bernard Fagan's "The Prayer of the Sword," while on the 21st Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. Frank Curzon will produce Mr. William Boosey's adaptation of "Le Prince Consort," by MM. Zanroi and Chancel, under the title of "His Highness My Husband," thus practically completing the tale of the opening of the regular theatres, leaving only the Savoy, the Avenue, Terry's, the Strand, and the Court to be accounted for in due course.

Already, a full month before the curtain will rise on "The Tempest," we have been told many, if not most, of the salient features of the production on the preparation of which Mr. Tree is busily engaged. In this, as in his presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," children will play a conspicuous part among the attendant sprites who people the air of the magic island on which the romance of the life of Ferdinand and Miranda was begun. The appearance of children on the stage never fails to evoke a marked desire on the part of other children to see them, so that, as Mr. Tree has told us through the medium of one of his interviewers, his production will make a special appeal to children. The rehearsals of the play are now in full swing, though, in order to ensure the completeness of detail to which he always pays such close attention, Mr. Tree for over a week called special rehearsals for the actors of the smaller parts, that he might give his undivided attention to them.

"Before the theatre can succeed as an art it must flourish as a business," said Sir Squire Bancroft when, on the opening under his management of the Haymarket Theatre in its then reconstructed form, without a pit, the malcontents who had been transferred from the floor to the second tier protested against what they regarded as the usurpation of their rights. Whether there is more "business" in the theatre than there was a quarter of a century ago, when those words were spoken, as some aver is the case, it boots nothing to discuss. It is, however, worth noting in this connection that a few days ago Mr. Frank Curzon, one of the most astute and energetic of our managers, endorsed the Bancroft dictum and declared that the theatre was to be run on exactly the same principles as the enterprising tradesman keeps a shop.

The pit of the Haymarket, from the stage of which art never fails to receive its full measure of consideration at the hands of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Maude, is to be restored. In the old days the pit used, in this house, to be open to the ceiling

and to occupy no place under the floor of the dress-circle. In the reconstructed scheme, the Haymarket pit will, however, differ in no respect from the same part of the house in other theatres, as a portion of it at least will be under the dress-circle, which must therefore, of necessity, be at a somewhat higher level from the ground-floor than it is at present.

Is the season likely to develop a nautical turn? The question is worth asking by reason of a fact which has over and over again impressed the student of the theatre. At times there seems to be a microbe of ideas in the air, and when one play introduces a certain sort of scene others will do the same, although the inspiration has manifestly not come through any conscious or unconscious attempt at imitation. There is a ship in "Beauty and the Barge," and there is a ship in "The Tempest." They are both large vessels, and it is hoped they will carry a heavy cargo of success for their respective owners.

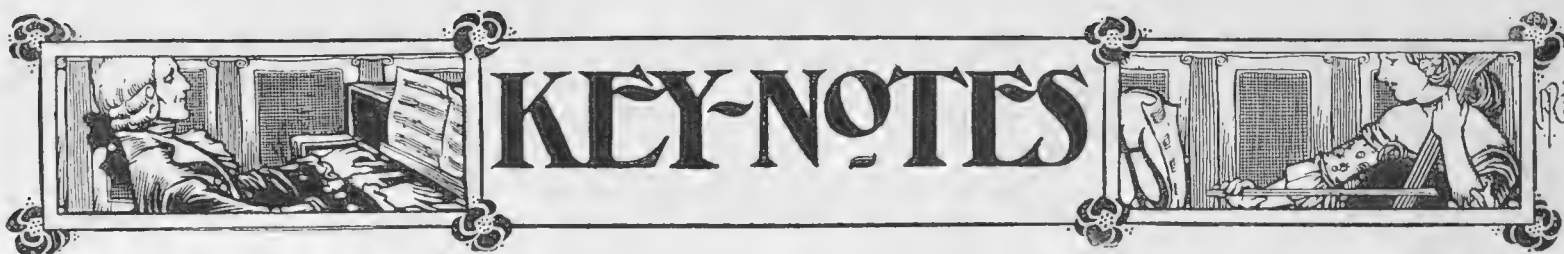
The large number of structural alterations which are being made at Drury Lane, from the designs of the architect, Mr. Philip E. Pilditch, will no doubt enable still greater effects to be produced in the pantomime, with which the theatre will reopen at Christmastide, than have even been the case before. This pantomime is to be "The White Cat," a subject which has not been used in London for some time. As usual, the book will be invented and written by Mr. Arthur Collins and Mr. J. Hickory Wood.



MISS ADA REEVE, WHO PRODUCES "WINNIE BROOKE, WIDOW," AT THE CRITERION, TO-MORROW NIGHT.

Photograph by Warwick Brooks, Manchester.





AS a rule, the musical accomplishment of our smaller provincial towns is not of any singular value. In the large towns—Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, and others—music is, of course, assiduously cultivated with a genuine kind of complacent energy. We have Sir Edward Elgar declaring, indeed—the incident will be remembered—that London is by no means the metropolis of music in this country, that you must move northward (to Manchester?) to light upon that. Where, too, are other centres of light to be set in the great competition? The ordinary provincial town awakes from its holiday; and into what music is it instantly plunged? No need to enumerate, no need to make selection, the fact, of course, is that, though the great musical festival towns are full of ardour, though their enthusiasm is exceedingly fine, though their influence upon the production of good work from new artists is to a large extent of extreme value, the turn of each for (let us say) the Three Choirs Festival occurs, after all, only once in three years, from which no earthly sort of conclusion can be deduced. We can compare, but a safe general truth cannot be thereby formed; and the majority of our other provincial towns are musically barbarous.

One feels delivered of a phrase, everywhere justified and justifiable, in the assertion that the majority of our provincial towns are “musically barbarous.” For, consider, for a beginning, where they are likely to get their music from? From nothing more exciting than the leasings of the music of London. It has been within the experience of the present writer to trace an acknowledged musical popularity from the South Coast to the South-East Coast during a few weeks, and therein to find the dead leaves of London popular successes overtopping all expectation in that line. There is no music in the South, to all intents and purposes. Hence there comes no creative power, nor originality, nor thought—nothing but imitative frivolity. You cannot even agree with the first part of Mr. Rudyard Kipling’s remarkable and unforgettable phrase: “It’s pretty; but is it art?” It isn’t even pretty. Prettiness in music lasts for a certain brief time, so far as popularity is concerned; but its term is appointed, its end is allotted. The provinces, save for great exceptions, forget art and leave the prettiness of music very much to take care of itself. That good music should still attract London is doubtless owing to the Queen’s Hall Promenade Concerts.

The Queen’s Hall Promenade Concerts give to those who are prevented from travelling abroad some taste of the great music of the world which, in its purely operatic form, is denied to them. A Mozart night, for example, may re-acquaint the amateur with a magnificent musical accomplishment and style which are not always recognised even by musicianly people. Thereby hangs a tale. Years ago, the present writer, during a performance of “Don Giovanni,” in which Maurel took the name-part, happened to be seated next to a lady who sighed much during “Batti, batti” (for example) and the statue-scene

music; finally, her impatience broke bounds; “Ah,” whispered she, “this is surely toy-music when you think of ‘Siegfried.’” She meant it; she had never been near the heart of music. Had she understood “Siegfried,” she had come somewhere near the spirit of music, the essence of music, the unity of music, which link as in a chain all the chosen creators of music. It is a pity Mr. Wood chose nothing but overtures to represent Mozart, although here you have him at his best.

And here indeed the eternal quarrel which is instituted between the “overture” and the “prelude” crops up again. “An overture,” says one, “should be a *pot-pourri* of the principal tunes of an opera:

call it overture or prelude as you like, the principle should be just the same according to the general rule of Augustine, ‘Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.’” That is to say, just as Wagner in the Prelude to “Parsifal” introduces the chief phrases of the opera, so every overture should contain indications of that which is to follow. Wagner, you perceive, is hurled at you as the last word of modern music, as who should say: “If he has done it, modernity has confirmed and strengthened and realised itself.”

It is a pretty argument; for indeed when Wagner is called in as a modern witness, the case seems almost hopeless. We are told that the independent overture is “an invention without relation to the subsequent opera—a manifest breakage of all reasonable rules”; and this is a statement which is not yet a week old, and many old masters, with Wagner, are brought to sustain the argument. We fear, however, that all such argument is that which the old schoolmen—past masters in definition—call “preventive.” As a matter of fact, the old overture did not relate itself necessarily to the text of the succeeding opera: Take the Overture to “Orfeo”: even Berlioz, the greatest admirer of Glück that ever lived, condemns it for its aloofness and for its un-

inspired utterance. The Overture to “Alceste,” on the other hand, he finds in accordance with the *spirit* of the opera, though practically without immediate reference to the work. And what are we to say of the Overtures to “Die Zauberflöte” and “Don Giovanni”—music that prepares, but betrays no secret, music that moves mysteriously like a force just about to make a definite creation, but not yet actually alive and momentous? In Mozart you shall find the true theory of the overture, as you shall find in him the key to every musical secret, even though at first it is difficult to discover; for Mozart was the Isaac Newton of Music.

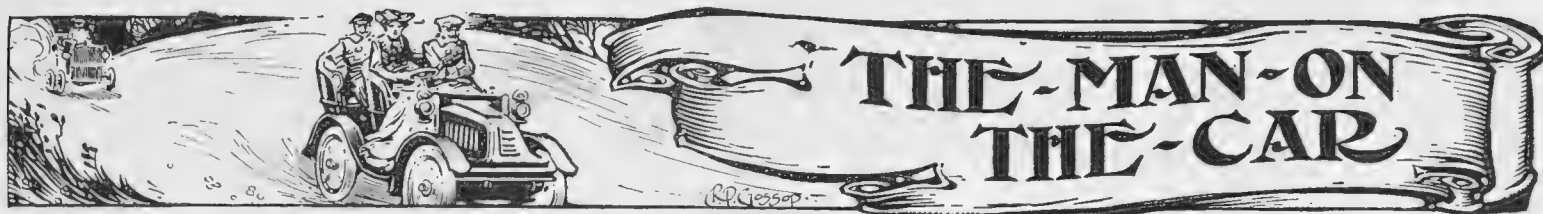
COMMON CHORD.

Miss Helmie Carol, who is making a great place for herself as a singer, has had a good deal of experience in another form of art, for she was only eight years old when she appeared as Prince Arthur in “King John.” Miss Carol acted as understudy to Miss Julia Neilson in “For Sword or Song.” Of late the young lady has turned her attention almost exclusively to singing; she has an exquisite mezzo-soprano voice of great power and sweetness.



MISS HELMIE CAROL, A POPULAR MEZZO-SOPRANO.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, New Bond Street, W.



*The Small Car Trials—The Dust Question—Speed Up-hill—An Ingenious Makeshift.*

THE programme of the 600-Miles Small Car Trials now in course around Hereford is quite an interesting document, and should be obtained by all intending purchasers of small cars who are watching these trials and awaiting the awards and report for direction and enlightenment. It is published for the Automobile Club by Messrs. Reveirs Brothers, 4, Greystoke Place, E.C., and costs but threepence. That these trials are certain to give a fillip to the user of small cars cannot be doubted, for attention to their performances in the six daily tasks set them will not be distracted by the presence of slower and more portentous vehicles. There is undoubtedly a very large number of people who are waiting to purchase an automobile at what may be termed a reasonable figure, and it is for this reason that the purchase-limit of two hundred pounds has been fixed in connection with the cars at present under test. The conditions under which the cars are running approximate as nearly as possible to those of actual touring, which, after all, is what is really required. Therefore, while absolute non-stop runs are required on the road, a reasonable time is permitted each day for adjustments. The trips do not in any case exceed fifty-two miles, the total totting up to 615 miles. In the programme above mentioned will be found a description of the body of each car engaged, with a list of the tools and accessories supplied, which make an interesting study and may sway the choice of a purchaser. The hill-climbing qualities of the cars will be severely tested by timed ascents of three hills the steepest gradient to be encountered being 1 in 8 and the steepest average gradient 1 in 12.2, a severe enough test for the little cars.

It will, I think, be generally regretted by the public at least, if not by the manufacturers, that the cars entered in these Hereford Trials are not to be subjected to test over dust. I do not find anywhere in the conditions any mention of the awards being based to any degree upon the qualities of the cars in not raising dust. The dust question is so urgent and pressing, at least from the point of view of other users of the highways, that I regret to see so excellent an opportunity allowed to slip of impressing upon constructors the urgency of taking dust-raising into consideration in the design of their vehicles. This is the more lamentable as many small cars now placed upon the road are serious offenders in this respect, and those responsible for them should realise that this evil characteristic will go against them.

One frequently hears car-owners complaining that their cars are slow up-hill—or rather, that, since they have come into their possession, they do not scale ascents at anything like the speed they showed when on test under the expert. Now, no automobilist worthy of the name likes his car to be sluggish on hills; indeed, the aim of present-day car-design, in view of the meagre speed-limit permitted us, is to turn out cars which, with open throttles, can take any reasonable ascent at the speed-limit. But I am more than convinced that the sluggishness complained of is largely due to bad driving, and when I say bad driving I mean that lack of intuition which should prompt the driver as to the exact and best moment at which to change on to his lower speeds. Nine drivers out of ten, particularly those whose cars are driven by high-speed engines, hang on to their higher speeds much too long, whereas if they changed, say, from third to second sooner than they are wont to do, they would find that hills which have heretofore obliged them to come down on to their first speed would be easily taken on the second and at a much higher rate. With high-speed engines, a driver should never hold any speed until his engine begins to labour, and he should, moreover, pay careful attention to the graduation of his ignition to the engine speed.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the necessity of getting his motor-cycle from Warwick to Oxford in the late Motor-Cycle Trials caused one of the competitors in this event to devise as pretty a bit of jury-valve rigging as I have ever come across. The engine fitted to his mount had both induction and exhaust valves mechanically actuated, so that when the exhaust in position and a spare, the only one carried, had both broken, most people would have written *finis* to that particular day's journey. Not so the rider in question. His valves being interchangeable, he changed the intact induction over to the exhaust, and, taking one of the broken-stemmed valves, he secured the end of the stem by a cleverly attached piece of copper wire to the valve spring, which he anchored to the tapper. He adjusted this spring so that when the piston made its charging stroke, the suck lifted the jury-rigged valve from its seat sufficiently to admit a charge of gas, the valve becoming automatic in its action. With this cleverly-arranged makeshift he compassed the run from Warwick to Oxford quite satisfactorily.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH (MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER), WITH HER DAUGHTER PRUDENCE, ON HER 16-H.P. DE DIETRICH CAR.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*The St. Leger—Future Events—"Kitty"—Steeplechasing.*

IT is very unfortunate for International sport that M. Blanc has felt himself compelled to strike Ajax and Gouvernant out of the St. Leger. The first-named met with an accident at exercise, while Gouvernant has good engagements to meet in France just about the time that the Doncaster St. Leger is set for decision. Many good

The expenses of regular racegoers are becoming an unbearable burden, and something will have to be done to reduce them. Railway-fares, hotel-charges, ring-fees are all much too high, and, to add to the burden, the fixture-list is so arranged that racegoers are all the time vacillating between the north and the south. The arrangement under which racegoers have to come south from York, to return in a few days to Doncaster, is a bad one. Why not let Doncaster follow York? I think the districts ought to be covered in sections over all the ground in the north; then do the same in the south of England, as far as possible. Clerks of Courses might complain that the gates would suffer under this arrangement, but they would not be affected so much as now, when it is found necessary to fix one-day meetings at both Kempton and Sandown. By the time that "Kitty" (that is, the expenses) has been provided for, no profits are left for the majority of backers nowadays, while even many of the middle-class bookmakers cannot stand the expense of attending meetings north and south alternately. The fixture-list ought, I contend, to be arranged, first, in the interests of economy, and, secondly, with a view to the greatest convenience to the greatest number. At present, general dissatisfaction prevails at the way in which the meetings are fixed.

Several little meetings under National Hunt Rules have already been held, but it has been a case of the same old horses running. I believe, however, that the season about to open will be a good one, as several of the big owners of flat-racers intend to put them to the jumping business, which in the case of nine horses out of ten does them more good than harm. Mr. W. Bass will, I believe, run several jumpers during the winter months, and those good patrons of the sport, the Duke of Westminster and the Earl of Sefton, will continue to own large batches of steeplechasers and hurdle-racers. It is, however, a matter for regret that at the winter pastime the little selling races invariably yield best in the matter of entries and produce the best sport. The mile-and-a-half hurdle-races have not up to now been a pronounced success, and the big steeplechases, with one or



MR. AUBREY FITZGERALD, NOW PLAYING IN "VERONIQUE,"  
AT THE APOLLO.

judges think that St. Amant will win at Doncaster, but I am not with them. I believe Pretty Polly to be one of the fastest horses in training and one of the best stayers, and, provided she keeps well, it is like getting money for nothing to back her to win on the Town Moor. I cannot for the life of me see how such as Henry the First and Admiral Breeze could have any chance, but on the Derby running St. Denis should be supported for a place. Of the other likely starters, Andover is not good enough, and Almscliff may decline the engagement if Pretty Polly is all right on the day of the race. The race will be a very fast one, and if Lane keeps Pretty Polly on the go from the start something like record time should be done. As His Majesty the King is to be present, there may also be a record in the matter of attendance.

There will not be a big gathering of the Upper Ten Thousand at the Derby Meeting this week, as it is not a fashionable fixture as compared with the November Meeting. Strange to add, although bookmakers are among the biggest shareholders in the course, the betting at Derby is never very good, and the market is often weak in the extreme. There should be a good contest for the Peveril of the Peak Plate, as only thirteen horses have declared forfeit out of thirty-eight entries. The race is looked upon as being a good thing for Killeevan, who ran second to Melayr for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and is said to have improved wonderfully of late. But Light and Uninsured are very likely to get places. At the one-day meeting at Kempton Park on Friday, the Breeders' Foal Plate should bring out some smart two-year-olds, but the best plan would be to wait until the day and then follow the first favourite, which may turn out to be Enceladus. The chief dish of the one-day meeting at Sandown Park on Saturday will be the September Stakes for three and four-year-olds, which looks a certainty for Harry Milton in the absence of Andover, who may not start in view of more important future engagements. Cicero will not go to the post for the Michaelmas Stakes for two-year-olds. Of those likely to face the starter, Graceful and Rievaulx read the best on the book.



MR. AUBREY FITZGERALD AND HIS FAVOURITE HUNTER.

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*

two notable exceptions, pan out badly. The National Hunt Steeplechase always attracts a big field, and this should encourage Clerks of Courses to originate steeplechases of big value confined to gentlemen riders. I believe they would catch on at once, as plenty of amateurs could be found to ride against amateurs who would never dream of crossing swords with the "pros."

CAPTAIN COE.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AS if just to remind us that a continued course of good behaviour is not to be expected even in August, the weather has been emitting little bursts of temper in the way of thunder, lightning, deluging showers, and other vagaries quite lately. The Dublin Horse Show would, of course, seem incomplete and unfamiliar without its annual drenching—and it certainly has had it; but French watering-places claim, and receive, a very fair immunity, and when the heavens opened with thunder-claps and downpours last week one felt aggrieved, not to say affronted, at the partial eclipse of millinery entailed. Talking of matters relating to hats, the quite newest are those made of feathers and trimmed with a floral garniture also manufactured of feathers. Birds-of-paradise are rendering up their tails in ruthless thousands, and ostrich-plumes of great amplitude and shaded colourings express the last word of mid-season fashion.

A lady who owns equally a picturesque name and appearance wore one of these new feather hats at the Ostend races some days ago—of pale champagne colour with a boa to match, over a frock of pale champagne cloth, the bolero of which was arabesqued in gold cord. For jewels she wore a large antique gold pendant inlaid with topaz stones, thus carrying out a very successful scheme of colour.

Apropos, the Parisian Diamond Company's latest devices are a combination of exquisite enamels and diamonds, the brilliant, translucent colourings of the former throwing up in high relief all gems for which they make a background. Unique designs are also being shown in clasps for the strings of Oriental pearls with which the Parisian Diamond Company has enriched this generation.

Sunburn and freckles, however healthy and redolent of the open-air life, are apt to be obtrusively in evidence after ten weeks

knowledge to many, therefore, that Mrs. Adair's "Parisian Ganesh Neige Cream" is most persuasive and successful in removing all sunstains, no matter how burnt in. Just such another successful spécialité at 90, New Bond Street is the "Ganesh Chin-Strap," which braces



[Copyright.]

THE MOTOR-COAT OF THE MOMENT.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING LINEN FROCK OF WHITE AND RED.

up flabby muscles and removes that most fatal forerunner and danger-signal of age, the double chin. Mrs. Adair's Eastern Oil cannot be overpraised for its beneficial results on wrinkled face, neck, or muscles generally. Applied with the special system of massage which is so efficiently practised at her pretty Bond Street salon, Mrs. Adair may claim, with her poet countryman, Tommy Moore, that—

Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of care  
Smooths away a wrinkle.

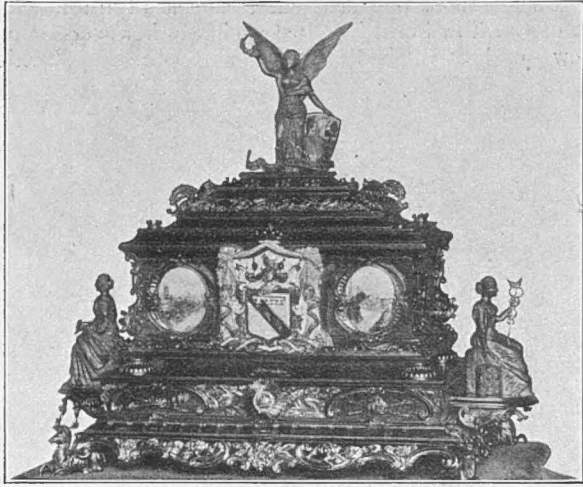
A "wrinkle" of quite another sort, and one to be received with gratification, is the discovery that, at last, a soft, well-flavoured cream-cheese is procurable in England, this one being neither curdy, sour, nor tasteless, as so many of these productions usually are. Here in Normandy, the country of cream-cheeses, one does not find anything more excellent than the little cheeses of St. Ivel, which come out of the beautiful western country about Yeovil. There are dainty, white china dishes in the shape of two benevolent monks supporting a St. Ivel cheese-dish, which are sold by grocers with the cheese if desired, and make an uncommon addition to the luncheon-table.

The great week at Trouville is just over, and, in addition to the sobering effects of soaking downpours on two days, we all felt the disappointments of those who race and find their cherished favourites beaten. M. Edmond Blanc's Lecteur carried more feminine hopes of ensuing frocks than any other horse this season, and the crushing blow of seeing these cherished visions wither as the horse (so badly steered by his jockey) came home a bad third was indeed severe. At

of sea, wind, and a more than ordinarily generous allowance of sun, especially in the evening, when the neck-line demarcation above collar-band and below is awkwardly evident. It will be a useful



Deauville red was a favourite colour, and smart red-leather boots were freely worn to match dresses of the same tone—an innovation, but an exceedingly picturesque one, and, if we worthy and self-glorifying



THE BOROUGH OF DERBY'S PRESENTATION TO LORD CURZON.

The casket, which is of silver gilt, contained the address recording Lord Curzon's enrolment as a freeman of the Borough. The work was executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Limited, 112, Regent Street.

Britons were not so profoundly conservative, one amongst others which might be adopted with good effect. Habit may be too deeply rooted with us to admit of the *chaussure rouge*, though, if asked why not? we would be, perhaps, puzzled to say.

*Apropos des bottes*—and literally—there is a new sort of rubber heel, which revolves naturally as one walks and prevents the jar of leather or wood on the pavements, while keeping the heel at a uniform height. It is called the "Wood-Milne Rubber Heel," and is pronounced a panacea for many ills and inconveniences which the dweller in cities ordinarily sustains.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

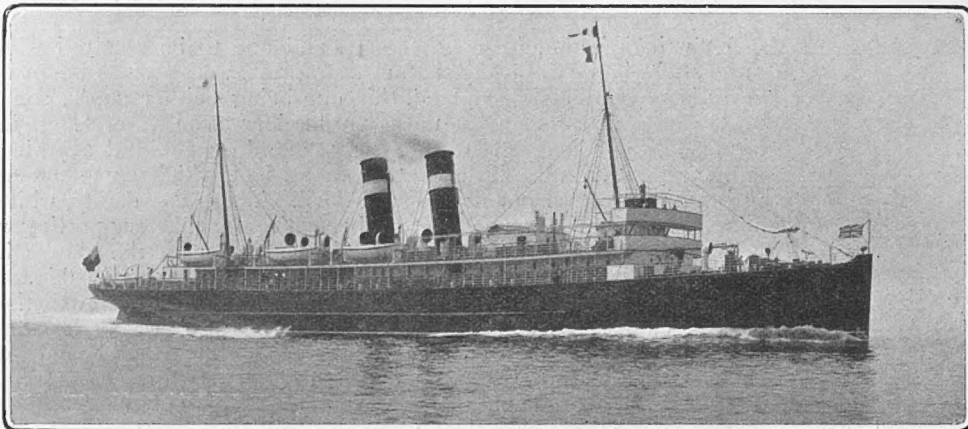
MARGARET (Clapham).—I should think you could get the red marking-ink at the Stores, but really do not know. You had better write and ask; also for the other thing you inquire about.

MONA (Thurles).—I don't think there is any particular virtue in the oil you write about. But I believe in the new vibration treatment, which you can get at any of the stores, like Harrod's or Whiteley's, for about one guinea for seven treatments. It is effectual and inexpensive. Mrs. Adair's treatment is also very good.

SYBIL.

#### A NEW SERVICE TO IRELAND.

The enterprise shown by the Midland Railway Company in the inauguration of a new cross-channel service from Heysham Harbour (Morecambe Bay) to Ireland will doubtless receive its due meed of recognition as it becomes more generally known to the travelling public. The service, which is to commence to-morrow will be a daily one to Belfast and Dublin, and mid-weekly to Londonderry. The Company's fleet of steamers, of which the *Londonderry* is an excellent type, are new, and among the fastest crossing the Irish Channel. Built by Messrs. Biles, Gray, and Co., of London and Glasgow, from designs by the Company's architects, the vessels in question are models of construction and equipment, and take their place among the most complete and efficient passenger boats afloat. New quays and stations have been erected and general improvements made at Heysham Harbour, thus affording better facilities for landing and train connections, and ensuring, it is hoped, a smooth and effective service.



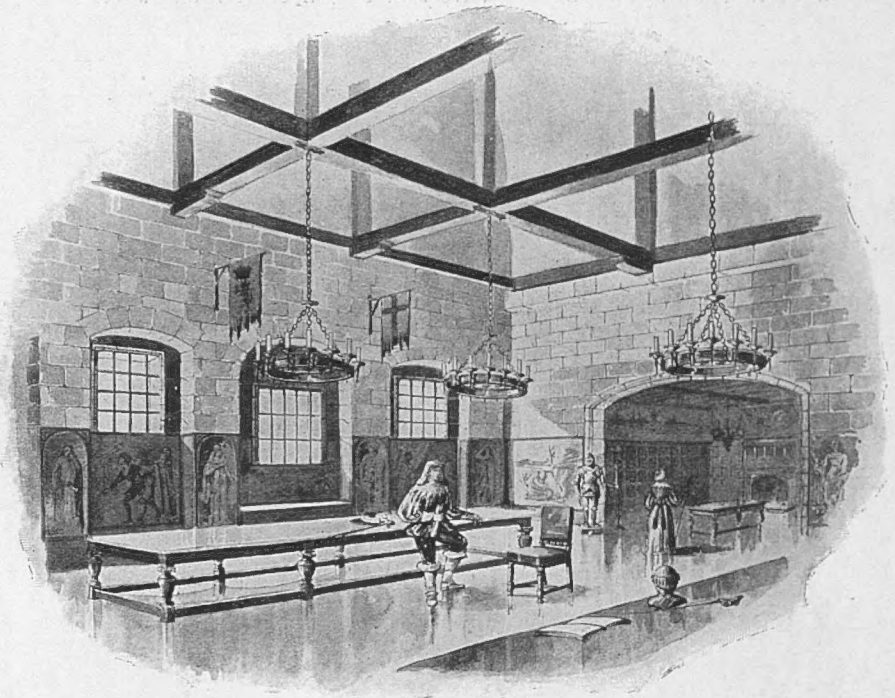
THE MIDLAND RAILWAY'S NEW SERVICE TO IRELAND: THE STEAMER "LONDONDERRY."

#### THE "DOME ROOM" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Something of an innovation has been introduced into His Majesty's Theatre by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in the nature of an adaptation of the topmost floor into two characteristic and habitable apartments for his personal use. Messrs. Maple have very cleverly overcome the architectural difficulties and converted the outer room, with its dome roof and belfry-like appearance, into an imposing hall carried out in a "barbaric" style, approached from the outer porch with massive, heavily-studded oaken gates, the walls being hung with paintings depicting Shakspeare's plays. The mural paintings have been executed by Mr. Ernest Buschel.

True to the commendable desire—in a Kaiser—to have his way in all things, the German Emperor has determined that certain of his ideas on the construction of a racing-yacht shall be carried out. The result is a "difference of opinion" between the Royal sportsman and Messrs. Herreshoff, the boat-builders, and the withdrawal of the order. The famous American firm decided that its client's insistence upon the adoption of his notions with regard to the proposed draught of the vessel would not justify them in guaranteeing the provision of a specially fast craft. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*

The Great Northern Railway Company announces an excellent series of trains to Doncaster for the race week, the journey occupying a little less than three hours. The 9.55 a.m. train of last year has been further expedited, and, in addition, first and third class luncheon saloons have been attached, greatly increasing the comfort and convenience of travellers. Four of the cheap express excursions (to some of which luncheon and dining cars are attached) are also considerably accelerated. Further facilities in the shape of cheap combined first-class rail and hotel tickets from Doncaster in connection with the Great Northern Station Hotels are offered by the



THE "DOME ROOM" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Company, particulars of which and of other arrangements may be obtained from their stations and agencies.

The Great Central Railway Company are running special first and third class express trains at excursion fares from London (Marylebone) to Doncaster (St. James's Bridge) on Monday, Sept. 5, for two, three, or five days; on Tuesday for one, two, or four days; and on Wednesday (St. Leger Day) for one or three days, with through bookings from Metropolitan stations. Each train will have a restaurant-car attached. On Tuesday and Wednesday first-class return tickets will be issued, available to return the same day only, providing for luncheon *en route* to Doncaster and tea and dinner on return, at an inclusive fare of 33s. 6d. On Friday a special first and third class dining-car express will leave Doncaster at 4.50 p.m. for London, arriving at 8.48 p.m. Particulars of these arrangements may be had at the Company's usual agencies.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb announce that they intend opening in October next a branch establishment at 23, Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, at which all their well-known goods of English manufacture may be obtained. They have for years carried on a successful business at Nice (Place Jardin Public) and at Aix-les-Bains in the season, and their rapidly-increasing *clientèle* has rendered imperative the establishment of a Continental headquarters in Paris.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 13.*

## MARKET NOTES.

FOR once a Nineteen-day Account has not proved particularly disastrous in any market, and this, too, when many of the outward signs in the early part of the month appeared unfavourable. The one salvation of the whole position was the low prices ruling for everything, from Consols to Kaffirs, which, in truth, left very little room for heavy further depreciation.

Politically, matters have improved, and the nervousness of a few days ago has been, to a great extent, quieted by Mr. Balfour's speech to the deputation from the Chamber of Commerce which waited upon him. It is quite clear that the Government does not look forward to serious complications with Russia over the shipping question.

The strength of the Bank Return is also an encouraging feature, and although, as our readers know, we are not optimistic about an immediate rise in Consols, we consider that, as a speculation, the buyer of a moderate amount at ruling prices is pretty sure to take the dividend out of his purchase within a short time, if he will be content with so moderate a profit.

In other directions, too, there is a spirit of hope abroad, especially in such woebegone quarters as the Jungle and the Rhodesian Markets. We have over and over again in these columns urged the view that the continued failure of Home Corporation and other high-class issues has been far more due to the absurdly low terms offered by the would-be borrowers than to any lack of money to lend, and a curious confirmation of the truth of this view is to be found in the result of the Leeds offer to borrow money at 4 per cent. The amount required was £2,000,000, and the response of the public has been just twice this sum. People are sick of 2½ or 3 per cent. stocks; but if our needy Corporations would follow the example of Leeds, and pay a

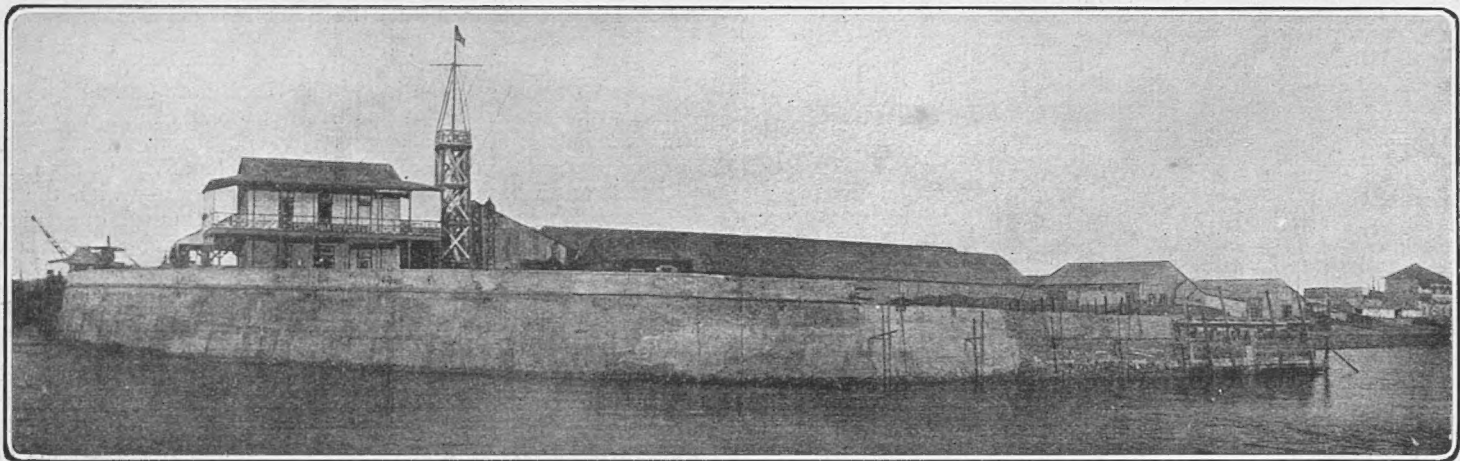
full interest being met next April. The traffics for the current half-year are most disappointing, even allowing for the lateness of the harvest as compared with a year ago, and we see little reason for supposing the market can undergo much improvement unless there should be a radical change in conditions. But Canadian Pacific shares, paying 4½ per cent. on the money, are in another category, and any reaction in them is not likely to be of more than a temporary character.

## WANTED—A KAFFIR LEAD.

Beating the big drum with lively gusto, the professionals opened the mid-September show in the Kaffir Circus with commendable optimism. Perhaps it is not altogether convincing, this evidence of bear-squeezing, but, at any rate, it gives things a much more cheerful appearance, and, though there be more tone than trade, the Kaffir Market has to be thankful for the slightest crumb of mercy nowadays. We should be only too glad to report a really better tendency in the market, and for some time past have ventured to prophesy some slight revival for September, but we must confess that the present movement smacks little of public interest. In fact, we might say that the public are still as loth to enter the market as they have been in any time within the past two years, which covers the period after the declaration of peace. Members of the Stock Exchange talk more confidently about Kaffirs, and, in comparing notes, they find their clients are also prepared to admit the possibility of a rise. But who is to bell the cat? Where is the Archibald who will start an advance and not rush to clear out directly he can skin an eighth profit? Echo answers, "Where?" For neither among the big houses nor the outside public is there yet any more than a negatively benevolent attitude towards the market and its prospects.

## INERT INDUSTRIALS.

Even James Nelsons have fallen from their position of enjoying an active market, and although a sixpenny price, or something closer,



BEIRA: THE OFFICE OF THE CAPIAIN OF THE PORT, 1902.

fair price for what they want, there would be no need for them to carry on by the courtesy of their bankers, or for the latter to complain of the extent of Municipal indebtedness.

## CANADAS AND TRUNKS.

When Canadian Pacific shares climbed over 130 a week or two ago, it was hard to realise that the price had been down as low as 112½ this year. The comparison between the two quotations is rendered all the more striking from the debility that has overtaken Grand Trunk issues, reducing these latter very considerably below the top prices already attained during 1903, whereas Canadas are now standing almost at their best. Both lines are controlled by men of well-known conservatism, both are affected by the same causes, and both have a large investment following. The pertinent question arises as to why the shares of one concern should be distinctly buoyant, while the stocks of the other manifestly lean for a great part of the support which they receive upon the operations of bears who sold at much better prices. Even the large amount of new capital that the Canadian Pacific Board are going to take powers to issue affected the price comparatively little.

## DEAD CAPITAL IN TRUNKS.

Naturally the one principal reason for the difference lies in the position of the two Companies' finances. Loaded with a dead-weight of 22½ millions sterling of Ordinary capital, upon which the chance of a dividend being paid is worse than remote, the Grand Trunk is thereby handicapped at the very start. After this comes over seven millions sterling of Third Preference capital, upon which there seems very little doubt that no dividend will be paid for the current twelvemonth, and this amount is followed by the somewhat small issue of £2,530,000 in Second Preference, ranking behind the £3,420,000 of First Preference stock. To distribute the full 5 per cent. on these last-named Preferences, the sum of £297,500 will be wanted, and when the figures are thus coldly set forth, one cannot but feel dubious about the

can be obtained in a limited number of shares, it is not so easy to deal in five hundred as it used to be. The Industrial Market has taken to some of the shares that catch a faint reflection of the American boomlet. Anglo-American Telegraph stocks are coming forward again, and as a speculative investment the 6 per cent. Preferred stock at about 92 has decided attractions. It is a far better lock-up than the Deferred, and yet nearly all the recent attention has centred upon this latter, familiarly known as Anglo "A." Although Trunks are the reverse of flourishing, as compared with their best prices of the present year, when Firsts were 111½, Seconds 97½, and Thirds 44, there is a good deal of quiet support being extended to Hudson's Bays. At their present price, Bays pay, for them, the respectable yield of nearly 4½ per cent. on the money, and, while the reports about the Canadian crops are very divergent, the market takes the optimistic side with Lord Strathcona, and argues that another good harvest will further enhance the value of the Hudson Bay Company's remaining broad acres. The buying has a reasonable basis and is likely to turn out well-advised. In the armament group, Armstrongs are good upon the prospect of the dividend to be declared in September, and Vickers keep them company in firmness, it being considered that both concerns are pretty sure to be well patronised by Japan and Russia too for a long while to come, though peace were to be concluded to-morrow. The Extreme Eastern struggle is giving a fillip to some of the stocks of Cable Companies with Japanese connections. Eastern Telegraph Ordinary stock is better, and so are Eastern Extension shares, the latter offering an excellent investment still, while Globe Telegraph and Trust Preference give a 4½ per cent. return on the money, with security that is fit for the most timid investor to sleep upon. Marconi shares, it may be mentioned, are about 18½, and would command much more respect if they were less the sport of certain agencies which make periodical efforts to get rid of them by methods such as do not inspire much confidence. But the Industrial Market as a whole has got into a groove of thorough inertia, from which only a strong revival of public interest can dislodge it.



## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Oh, con——," commenced The Jobber, as he fell over his feet on entering the carriage. Then he saw The Bishop in the corner.

"Oh, congratulate me," he went on without a blush; "I did a bargain yesterday, Brokie."

"How much did you lose on it?" asked his friend, moodily.

"I actually made money, my boy! It was 200 shares. I divided a sixty-fourth with a man on 100 of them, and did the others without loss."

"What's the net profit?" and The Engineer looked quizzical.

"I haven't dared work it out yet, in case I might be tempted to buy a motor-car, or go for a trip to the Grand Canaries, or something equally extravagant."

"To be exact, it comes to fifteen shillings and sevenpence-halfpenny on the lot," observed The Broker.

"By George! is it as much as that? I shall be able to have lunch for a whole fortnight."

The Bishop began to look pained.

"I suppose you haven't such a thing as a threepenny-bit about you?" inquired The Broker, more moodily still. "I know a place where you can get a four-course breakfast for threepence, and I—I'm awfully hungry."

The Bishop's eye had a twinkle in it.

"Silly ass!" whispered The Jobber; "you've gone and overdone it. No tact. Spoilt the market completely!"

Then The Engineer said he had fifty per cent. of a mind to buy Consols.

"If you mean half a mind, why not say so?" demanded The City Editor. "I hate a straining after effect, in either talking or writing."

"D'you mean for an investment or speculation?" The Broker turned towards The Engineer. "Has anyone got a match?"

Nobody had. "Oh, thank you very much!" and The Broker held out his hand for the episcopal match-box.

"I meant to buy Consols for a speculation," said The Engineer. "They are *ex* this week, aren't they?"

"Yes," nodded The City Editor. "We had a paragraph about it yesterday, and——"

"They might rise a bit," The Broker considered, "but there are so many other better things."

"May I intrude a question?" and The Bishop spoke in a pleasant bass. "I am, of course, interested in many diocesan funds, and although I trust my banker's advice implicitly, I like occasionally to receive other expert counsel."

"I shall be delighted to do what I can," The Jobber answered; "and I'm sure my friend here, who is also in the Stock Exchange, will lay his experience at your service, eh, Brokie?"

"It is but a simple question," continued The Bishop. "One hears it said there are other securities more advantageous than Consols to purchase. Can you tell me the names of any?"

"Transvaal 3 per cent. Guaranteed stock is much cheaper than Consols," said The Broker.

"And so are India Threes," added The City Editor; "or Local Loans."

"Are they all perfectly sound?" asked The Bishop, caressing his legs.

"As safe as Consols, but lacking the sentimental feeling which delights in Consols as the world's premier security, and therefore buys it, whatever the price may be."

"I am exceedingly obliged," returned The Bishop, as he jotted down the names on the front page of his *Times*.

"But regarded speculatively——?" began The Engineer.

"Then Consols are best for your purpose," The Broker declared.

"How much stock do you want to deal in?"

"Buy me five thousand if the price isn't above last night's closing. They will be for the October Settlement?"

"Of course, and thank you," was The Broker's reply. "I will ring you up as to the price about eleven o'clock."

"You'd much better buy Yankees," quoth The Solicitor. "Every paper in London is crying them down, and you know what *that* means."

The Engineer laughed. "Even *The Sketch* has given them up," he explained.

"Oh, by the way," the City Editor remarked, "who on earth writes those letters in *The Sketch* signed 'House Hunter'? Last week's was about the very—well!" and he looked at The Bishop.

"So I've heard several people say," added The Jobber. "For my part, I only read the paper every now and then. And never the City part of it."

The Bishop's eye watched him narrowly. Of course, it was only a coincidence, but it made The Jobber hasten to say he thought the Yankee boom was nearly at the end of its tether.

"Not yet," averred The Engineer. "I'll tell you when to sell, but the time isn't ripe yet."

"I'm entirely with you there," The Solicitor agreed. "I believe the Yankees mean to have them much better before the Presidential election."

"But it's all such open manipulation!" cried The City Editor, aghast at such heresy. "Why, we said in our paper a month ago——"

"Yes, you all did; we're quite aware of that," said The Broker. "But it doesn't alter the fact that you were all wrong."

"Wrong for the time, perhaps," The City Editor admitted.

"To be wrong in the American Market for a month means getting more excitement than you do even out of matrimony, in twice the time," The Broker stated.

"It's almost as expensive, too," The Jobber added. "Now you can be wrong in Kaffirs for a month, and only have——"

"That's it, never happy unless you're ramming Kaffirs down our unhappy throats," groaned The City Editor.

"Stuffing is good for geese," was the somewhat trite retort.

"Not Kaffir stuffing," protested The Engineer. "Try him with Chinese."

The Jobber was growing enthusiastic. "You can bet your life——!" he exclaimed.

The Bishop looked up from his paper.

"You can bet your life-insurance that in September and October we shall have that market jolly good. J-o-l-l-y g-o-o-d."

"Better make it after Christmas. It's generally 'after' something or other," said The City Editor, cynically.

"You can keep those remarks for your precious paper," returned The Jobber. "If——"

"No, but everyone seems to think there's more hope for the market now," The Broker said.

"So there is for my favourite Home Rails," added The Engineer.

"Not much," The City Editor contradicted him. "Not 'fifty per cent.,' I should say."

The Engineer laughed at the change given to the cheap vulgarity. "But why not?" he demanded.

"The traffics aren't good enough to make people think they will get more interest on their money. And the 3½ per cent. is no great catch nowadays."

"Some yield nearly 4 per cent.," objected The Engineer.

The Jobber had his hand on the door, preparatory to alighting.

"Some like Kaffirs," he began, "and some like Rails, and bears will soon have twisted Tails—Good-morning, my Lord," and he bowed to The Bishop. "Good-morning, you fellows," and off he strode.

## THE EGYPTIAN SALT AND SODA COMPANY'S MEETING.

The Extraordinary General Meeting of this Company, which was held on the 23rd inst., did not throw the amount of light upon the situation that might reasonably have been expected. The proposals for amalgamation with the Huileries and Savonneries Company were, on a show of hands, defeated; but a poll was called for and has been fixed for Sept. 27 and 28, by which time the shareholders both in England and Egypt will be able to consider the statements made and the information afforded to the meeting.

Many extraordinary proposals have been offered to Joint Stock Companies in times gone by, but never a more outlandish suggestion than that it should instruct its directors to carry out an amalgamation with a concern whose accounts have not been investigated, whose annual profits are not known to the people asked to approve of the proposal, and whose very capital and liabilities—which the Salt and Soda Company are required to adopt—are unknown quantities. It is inconceivable that any shareholder, unless he is more interested in the Huileries concern than in the purchasing Company, can vote for such a proposal; and although it is known that a large number of shares have been purchased by Dr. Milton and his friends, it seems likely that they will fail to get the three-quarters majority necessary to carry out the confidence trick they are proposing to their fellow-shareholders.

In America these things are better managed. The boss of one Railroad wishes to amalgamate his line with a competitor, and he sets to work to buy enough voting stock to obtain the necessary majority. There is no question of extraordinary general meetings, of the support of independent shareholders, of disinterested philanthropy and suchlike fringe; but when the would-be capturer has accumulated enough stock, he just walks into the office and asks to see the President. Five minutes' conversation does the trick; the new boss produces and lets the old boss count the stock certificates, and if they are sufficient, the old President just "quits" without any fuss, and the new man carries out his programme. Dr. Milton might take a leaf from the Yankee book, and make up his mind either to carry his policy by purchase of enough shares and then a quiet talk with the present Board, or by inducing his friends of the Huileries to submit their accounts to proper investigation, and by presenting to the shareholders such a proposal as reasonable men would be likely to accept. For the present, we can only hope that every independent shareholder will vote against the preposterous proposal of amalgamation first and investigation afterwards, and we would remind those who have entrusted Dr. Milton with either their proxies or their bearer warrants that they can withdraw them before the poll.

Saturday, Aug. 27, 1904

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 108, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

W. A. P.—(1) See this week's Notes on the first point you raise. (2) As to the Trunk dividend, we merely gave our opinion of the prospects, and it may be quite wrong. The next two monthly statements will throw considerable light on the chances of both First and Second Preference.

AJAX.—The man in question does not pay, as we know from complaints of other correspondents. Have no dealings with him.

ANXIOUS.—The fall in Waterworks stock is not due to any doubt entertained as to its safety, but to the general position of the Money Market and the causes which have brought Consols to just over 87. You have not made the profit you expected, but your income is secure.

OPENSHAW.—There is no reason to sell the Australian Bank shares just now. As far as we can see, the prospects are improving, and, as you have held ever since the reconstruction, you may as well go on doing so until the improved agricultural and pastoral position makes itself felt.